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# HYMNS

SELECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS;

WITH

A KEY OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY

SAMUEL WORCESTER, D. D.

Late Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass.

---

**NEW EDITION.**

**Two Hundred and Seventy Hymns and Occasional Pieces added,**

**WITH INDEXES.**

BY

SAMUEL M. (WORCESTER) A. M.

Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass., and  
late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College

**BOSTON:**

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KEY OF EXPRESSION.

a—Very slow.	o—Quick.
e—Slow.	u—Very quick.
a—Very soft.	o—Loud.
e—Soft.	u—Very loud.
p—Slow and soft.	h—Quick and soft.
g—Slow and loud.	s—Quick and loud.
	d—Variously distinctive.

## EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE

TO THE

NEW EDITION OF WATTS' AND SELECT HYMNS.

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AMONG the eminent public services of the late Dr. Worcester, his labors to improve the influence of our "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs," were not the least in importance. His "Christian Psalmody," first published in 1815, was very favorably received; although it was obliged to contend with serious objections from those who prefer to have Watts unabridged and unaltered. The "Selection of Hymns from other Authors" was evidently made with his characteristic discrimination of judgment and refinement of taste. The "Key of Expression" gave the whole work a peculiarity and a value, which have been justly appreciated.

So strong, however, was the predilection of the community for Watts entire, that Dr. Worcester was induced to edit the work, which has since been extensively known as "Watts' and Select Hymns." To this work a liberal patronage has been afforded. It has been introduced into very many of our churches, and holds a high place in public estimation. Spurious editions of it having lately appeared, and the materials for an improved selection of hymns having greatly increased, a new edition has been strongly urged by many gentlemen, whose judgment is entitled to respectful consideration.

A new edition of "Watts' and Select Hymns" is therefore now offered to the public. The Selection has been enlarged by the addition of 240 hymns and 30 "Occasional Pieces." The whole number of "Select Hymns" is now 474. The hymns selected by the present Editor are numbered in continuation of those in the former editions, and commence with "Hymn 237," p. 655. For the convenience of the numerous churches in which the former editions are used, it has been thought best to *add* the new hymns, rather than destroy the existing arrangement, by making a classification of the whole. If such a classification had been made, it is obvious that the new edition could not be used in connection with any of the previous editions.

The evil which arises from the heterogeneous arrangement of the Psalms and Hymns in all the common editions of Watts, has long been very seriously felt. To diminish it as much as possible, without making a new book,—*very special attention has now been given to the* "INDEX OF SUBJECTS."

The Editor will be much disappointed, if it shall not appear that he has greatly improved the work in this particular. The references throughout are made to *pages*, and will bear examination in respect to general accuracy and precision. There is also but one "Table of first lines;" and each line is referred to the page upon which the corresponding psalm or hymn may be found.

In enlarging the Selection, the Editor has aimed to increase the variety of good hymns, which are more directly suited to the circumstances of the times, and are also likely to be of permanent value. It was, however, impossible for him to obtain hymns of high character, for all the special occasions, which the diversified movements of the age have called into existence. He has endeavored to pass by productions which are merely ephemeral; so that the new Select Hymns may more nearly correspond with those, which have received the seal of public approbation. High authority could be given to confirm his decision, in regard to almost every hymn, which has been added. Want of room compelled him to omit many hymns, which otherwise would have had a place in the Selection.—*This edition will be found to be specially enriched with hymns, which relate to the life and glory of Christ,—the alarming condition of the unconverted,—the feelings of the convicted and the penitent,—the diversities of Christian experience,—the benevolent operations of the church,—the institutions and ordinances of the gospel,—to times and seasons,—more particularly, the solemn periods of sickness and death, eternity and judgment.*

Very seldom has the Editor allowed himself to make any alteration in the phraseology of the hymns. In almost every instance of material change, an intimation is given of the fact—as on p. 676.

The designation of tunes, and the application of the "Key of Expression" to the new Select Hymns, have, with a few exceptions, been made by an experienced teacher of sacred music.

SAMUEL M. WORCESTER.

Amherst College, Jan. 20, 1834.

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TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

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# HYMNS

SELECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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HYMN 1. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [\*]

*Being of God.* Ps. civ.

- e 1 **T**HERE is a God—all nature speaks,  
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;  
o See, from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame,  
Inscribes in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- o 3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise,  
Above the weak attempts of art;  
e The smallest worms, the meanest flies,  
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
e Confess the footsteps of the God;—  
a Bow down before him—and adore.

STEELE.

---

HYMN 2. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b\*]

*Goodness of God.* Nahum i, 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God,  
With songs of sacred praise;  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move;  
o But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- e 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms;  
—'Tis here he makes his goodness known,  
In its divinest forms.
- e 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;  
'Tis here our hope relies:  
o A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

—5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
 The souls who trust in thee;  
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward,  
 With bliss divinely free.

o 6 Great God, to thy almighty Love,  
 What honours shall we raise?  
 Not all the raptur'd songs above,  
 Can render equal praise.

STEELE,

---

HYMN 3. C. M. *Mitcham. Arundel.* [\*]

*God the Creator.*

1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
 Thee the creation sings;  
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
 And heav'n's high palace rings.

g 2 Thy hand,—how wide it spread the sky!  
 How glorious to behold!

—Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,  
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
 And strike the gazing sight,  
 Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
 With terroure and delight.

g 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
 Shine through the worlds abroad;

e Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
 And speak the builder—God.

—5 But still the wonders of thy grace

e Our softer passions move;  
 Pity divine in Jesus' face,  
 We see, adore, and love.

WATIS,

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HYMN 4. C. M. *Bedford.* [\*]

*Sovereignty and Dominion of God.*

a 1 **K**EEP silence—all created things,  
 And wait your Maker's nod;  
 My soul stands trembling while she sings  
 The honours of her God.

e 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
 Hang on his firm decree;  
 He sits on no precarious throne,  
 Nor borrows leave—TO BE.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,  
 With all the fates of men;

With ev'ry angel's form and size,  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

—1 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine;  
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,  
Fulfil some deep design.

5 (Here he exalts neglected worms,  
To sceptres and a crown;  
And there, the following page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives;  
Nor dares the favourite angel pry,  
Between the folded leaves.)

7 My God, I would not long to see  
My fate, with curious eyes;  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise.

—8 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
O may I find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

WATTS.

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HYMN 5. L. P. M. *St. Hellen's*. [\*]

God's Name proclaimed. Ex. xxxiv. 6—8.

1 **A**TTEND, my soul, the voice divine  
And mark what beaming glories shine,  
Around thy condescending God!

To us—to us, he still proclaims,

His awful, his endearing names;

Attend, and sound them all abroad,

2 “Jehovah I, the sovereign Lord,  
“The mighty God, by heav'n ador'd,  
“Down to the earth my footsteps bend;

3 “My heart the tenderest pity knows,  
“Goodness, full-streaming wide o'erflows  
“And grace and truth shall never end.

3 “My patience long can crimes endure,  
“My pard'ning love is ever sure,

“When penitential sorrow mourns;  
“To millions, thro' unnumber'd years,

“New hope and new delight it bears;

“Yet wrath against the sinner burns.”

- o 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,  
 e All prostrate at thy Sovereign's feet,  
 — And drink the tuneful accents in:  
 o Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,  
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,  
 Till heav'n repeat the rapt'rous scene.

DODDRIDGE

° HYMN 6. C. M. *Colchester*. [\*]

*Adam : or, the Fall of Man.* Gen. iii.

- 1 **O**N man, in his own image made,  
 How much did God bestow !  
 The whole creation homage paid,  
 And own'd him Lord below.
- o 2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd  
 With sweets for ev'ry sense ;  
 And there, with his descending Lord,  
 He walk'd in confidence.
- e 3 But oh ! by sin how quickly chang'd !  
 His honour forfeited ;  
 His heart from God and truth, estrang'd,  
 His conscience, fill'd with dread.
- 4 Now from his Maker's voice he flies,  
 Which was before his joy :  
 And thinks to hide amidst the trees,  
 From an all-seeing eye.
- 5 Compell'd to answer to his name ;  
 With stubbornness and pride,  
 He cast on God himself the blame,  
 Nor once for mercy cried.
- o 6 But grace, unask'd, his heart subdu'd,  
 And all his guilt forgave :  
 By faith the promis'd SEED he view'd,  
 And felt the power to save.

NEWTON,

HYMN 7. H. M. *Allerton*. [\*]

*Types of the Messiah.* Heb. iv, 2.

- 1 **I**SRAEL in ancient days,  
 Not only had a view  
 Of Sinai in a blaze,  
 But learn'd the gospel too :  
 The types and figures were a glass,  
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.

- 
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,  
And blood-besprinkled door,—  
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
And once apply'd with pow'r,  
Would teach the need of other blood,  
To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth  
His perfect innocence,  
Whose blood of matchless worth  
Should be the soul's defence :  
For he who can for sin atone,  
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head,  
The people's trespass bore ;  
And to the desert led,  
Was to be seen no more :  
In him our Surety seem'd to say,  
d " Behold, I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,  
The living bird went free :  
The type, well understood,  
Express'd the sinner's plea—  
e Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- o 6 Jesus, I love to trace,  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace,  
The same in ev'ry age !  
—O grant that I may faithful be,  
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me !
- COWPER.
- 

HYMN 8. 7's. *Redeeming Love.* [\*]

*Birth of the Saviour.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King !  
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
"God and sinners reconcil'd !"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh—the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity ;



Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
Jesus our Emmanuel here.

- o 5 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- e 6 Mild, he lays his glory by ;  
Born, that man no more may die ;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;  
Born, to give them second birth. **RIPPON'S COL.**

HYMN 9. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [\*]

*Joy of Angels at the Saviour's Birth.*

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
All seated on the ground, [night,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- e 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,
- o "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
"To you and all mankind.
- b 3 "To you in David's town, this day,  
"Is born of David's line,  
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
"And this shall be the sign :—
- 4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,  
"To human view display'd,
- e "All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling bands,  
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song :—
- s 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
"And to the earth be peace ;
- g "Good will henceforth from heav'n to men,  
"Begin, and never cease." **PATRICK or TATE.**

HYMN 10. C. M. *Devizes.* [\*]

*Angel's Song.* Luke ii, 8—14.

- o 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice ; lift up your eyes,  
"And send your fears away ;  
"News from the region of the skies—
- u "Salvation's born to-day !

- e 2 "JESUS, the God, whom angels fear,  
 "Comes down to dwell with you ;  
 —"To-day he makes his entrance here,  
 e "But not as monarchs do.  
 3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
 "Nor royal shining things ;  
 "A manger for his cradle stands,  
 a "And holds the King of kings !  
 o 4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
 "And see his humble throne ;  
 p "With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
 "Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."  
 —5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around,  
 The heav'nly armies throng :  
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
 And thus conclude the song :—  
 s 6 "Glory to God who reigns above,  
 "Let peace surround the earth ;  
 "Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
 "At their Redeemer's birth." WATTS'S LYR.

HYMN 11. 3, 6 & 5. *Christmas.* [\*]*Christmas Morn.*

- o 1 **L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,  
 Salute the happy morn :  
 — Each heav'nly pow'r,  
 o Proclaim the glad hour ;  
 s Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born !  
 o 2 All glory be to God on high,  
 To him all praise is due ;  
 o The promise is seal'd—  
 The Saviour's reveal'd—  
 And proves that the record is true.  
 s 3 Let joy around like rivers flow ;  
 Flow on, and still increase ;  
 Spread o'er the glad earth,  
 At Emmanuel's birth—  
 For heaven and earth are at peace  
 e 4 Now the good will of God is shewn  
 Towards Adam's helpless race ;  
 o Messiah is come—  
 To ransom his own—  
 To save them by infinite grace.

- o 5 Then let us join the heav'ns above,  
Where hymning seraphs sing;  
s Join all the glad pow'rs—  
For their Lord is ours—  
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King. MADEN'S COL.

HYMN 12. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]*Infancy of the Saviour.*

- p 1 **O** SIGHT of anguish! view it near,—  
What weeping innocence is here—  
A manger for his bed!  
—The brutes yield refuge to his wo—  
e Men, worse than brutes, no pity show,  
Nor give him friendly aid!  
o 2 Why do no rapid thunders roll?  
Why do not tempests rock the pole?  
e O miracle of grace!  
o Or why no angels on the wing,  
Warm for the honour of their King,  
e To punish all the race!  
e 3 Tho' now an INFANT bath'd in tears,  
e He call'd to form the rolling spheres;  
g And seraphs own'd his nod!  
e Helpless he calls, but men delay:—  
e Ungrateful sinners disobey  
The first-born Son of God!  
—4 Say, radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,  
o Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight?—  
e Or glory sink so low?  
—This wonder angels scarce declare;  
Angels the rapture scarce can hear,  
Or equal praise bestow.  
e 5 Redemption! 'tis a boundless theme;  
Thou boundless Mind, our hearts inflame,—  
With ardour from above:  
d Words are but faint, let joy express—  
Vain is mere joy—let actions bless—  
This prodigy of love.

HYMN 13. C. M. *Arundel.* [\*]*Christ's Ministry.* Luke iv, 18, 19.

- d 1 **H**ARK,—the glad sound!—the Saviour comes!  
The Saviour promis'd long!  
—Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne—  
And ev'ry voice a song.



- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- o 3 He comes—the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
o The gates of brass before him burst—  
The iron fetters yield !
- o 4 He comes—from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
o And on the eye-balls of the blind,  
To pour celestial day.
- e 5 He comes—the broken heart to bind—  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
o And, with the treasures of his grace,  
'T' enrich the humble poor.
- e 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 14. L. M. *Islington.* [\*]*Christ's Example.*

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?  
Such let our conversation be ;  
The serpent blended with the dove,—  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife ;  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !  
How mild—how ready to forgive !  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,  
Was his employment and delight ;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labours of his life were love ;  
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move. STEELE.

HYMN 15. L. M. *Weldon*. [\*]*Christ's Transfiguration*. Matt. xvii, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at this distance, Lord, we trace  
 The various glories of thy face,  
 What transport pours o'er all our breast,  
 And charms our cares and woes to rest !
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,  
 On some bleak mountain would I dwell ;  
 Rather than pompous courts behold,  
 And share their grandeur and their gold.
- d 3 Away, ye charms of mortal joy !  
 Raptures divine my thoughts employ !
- o I see the King of glory shine :—
- e I feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd  
 His lustre, when transform'd he stood ;  
 And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,  
 Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes  
 To nobler visions long to rise ;
- o That grand assembly would we join,  
 Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- d 6 That mount—how bright ! those forms—how fair .
- o 'Tis good to dwell forever there :  
 —Come, death, dear envoy of our God,  
 And bear me to that blest abode. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 16. L. M. *Dresden*. [\*]*Christ weeping over Jerusalem*. Luke xix, 41, 42.

- p 1 **W**HAT venerable sight appears !—  
 The Son of God—dissolv'd in tears !—  
 Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,  
 The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.
- e 2 For whom, bless'd Jesus, we would know,  
 Doth such a sacred torrent flow ?—  
 What brother, or what friend of thine,  
 Is grac'd and mourn'd with drops divine ?
- 3 Nor brother, there, nor friend I see—
- d But sons of pride and cruelty ;  
 Who like rapacious tigers stood,  
 Impatient, panting for thy blood.
- p 4 Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes  
 Thus stream o'er dying enemies ?

- And can thy tenderness forget  
The sinner humbled at thy feet ?
- e 5 With deep remorse our bowels move,—  
That we have wrong'd such matchless love;
- e Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,  
And smile these trembling fears away.
- 6 Give us to shine before thy face,  
Eternal trophies of thy grace ;
- o Where songs of praise thy saints employ,  
And mingle with a Saviour's joy. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 17. 7s. *St John's.* [b]

*Gethsemane : or, Agony in the Garden.* Matt. xxvi, 36—45.

- 1 **M**ANY woes had Christ endur'd,  
Many sore temptations met,  
Patient and to pains inur'd !
- e But the sorest trial yet  
Was to be sustain'd in thee,—
- a Gloomy—sad—Gethsemane !
- e 2 Came at length the dreadful night !  
d Vengeance, with its iron rod,  
Stood, and with collected might,  
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God :
- p See, my soul, the Saviour see—  
Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- e 3 There my God bore all my guilt ;  
—This, through grace, can be believ'd !
- e But the torments which he felt,  
Are too vast to be conceiv'd :  
None can penetrate through thee—
- a Doleful—dark—Gethsemane.
- 4 All my sins against my God—
- e All my sins against his laws—  
All my sins against his blood—  
All my sins against his cause :—
- e Sins as boundless as the sea !  
Hide me, O Gethsemane !
- 5 Here's my claim, and here alone ;  
None a Saviour more can need ;  
Deeds of righteousness I've none ;  
Not a work that I can plead :  
Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
Only in Gethsemane

- o 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One almighty God of love,  
 Prais'd by all the heav'nly host,  
 In thy shining courts above—  
 We poor sinners, gracious Three ;  
 Praise thee for Gethsemane.

HART.

HYMN 18. C. M. *China*. [b]*The Saviour's Death.*

- e 1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens round,  
 Which heav'n and earth amaze !  
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?  
 Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,  
 And nature sympathize :  
 The sun as darkest night be black—
- a Their Maker JESUS—dies.
- p 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree  
 His all atoning blood !
- d Is this the INFINITE ?—'tis he—  
 My Saviour and my God.
- p 4 For me—these pangs his soul assail,  
 For me—this death is borne ;  
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
 And pointed ev'ry thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave ;
- d Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
- e O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,  
 Nor bleed—nor die in vain.

HYMN 19. L. M. *Carthage. Munich*. [b\*]*It is finished.* John xix, 30.

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd :—so the Saviour cried ;  
 And meekly bow'd his head, and died !  
 'Tis finish'd :—yes, the race is run,—  
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heav'n decreed,  
 And all that ancient prophets said,  
 Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
 In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd :—Aaron now no more  
 Must stain his robes with purple gore ;  
 The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
 The Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd:—this my dying groan  
 Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone;  
 o Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
 —By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd:—Heav'n is reconcil'd,  
 And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:  
 o Peace, love, and happiness, again  
 Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd:—let the joyful sound  
 Be heard thro' all the nations round:  
 s 'Tis finish'd:—let the echo fly,  
 Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

DR. STENNET.

HYMN 20. L. M. *Dresden* [b\*]

CHRIST'S *Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*

p 1 **H**E dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!

a A solemn darkness veils the skies!

d A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

e 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;

p He shed a thousand drops for you—  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—

a The Lord of glory dies for men!

o But, lo! what sudden joys we see!

d Jesus the dead—revives again!

o 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!

Up to his Father's court he flies!

g Cherubic legions guard him home.

And shout him welcome to the skies!

u 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;

o Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,

d And led the tyrant death—in chains.

\* 6 Say, "Live forever glorious King,  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"

d Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting  
 "And where thy vict'ry boasting grave?"



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 HYMN 21. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [\*]

*Christ's Resurrection.* Matt. xxviii, 6.

d 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels say,  
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!

o Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Let the glorious tidings fly.

e 2 Love's redeeming work is done!  
Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won!  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sits in blood no more.

—3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ has open'd Paradise.

o 4 Lives again our glorious king,  
d "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
e Once he died our souls to save,  
d "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

—5 What though once we perish'd all,  
Partners of our parents fall;—

o Second life we shall receive,  
And in Christ forever live.

CUDWORTH.

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 HYMN 22. 7s. *Epiphany.* [\*]

*Christ's Ascension.*

s 1 **H**AIL, the day that saw him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes

e Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,

o Reascends his native heaven:

—There the pompous triumph waits;

e Lift your heads, eternal gates!

"Wide unfold the radiant scene,

"Take the King of glory in!"

—2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves;

Tho' returning to his throne,

Still he calls mankind his own.

Still for us he intercedes,

Prevalent his death he pleads;

Next himself prepares a place,

Harbinger of human race.

- e 3 Master, (may we ever say,)   
 Taken from the world away,   
 See thy faithful servants, see,   
 Ever gazing up to thee.   
 Grant, though parted from our sight,   
 —High above yon azure height,—   
 Grant our souls may thither rise—   
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.
- o 4 Ever upward let us move,   
 Wafted on the wings of love;   
 Looking when our Lord shall come—   
 Looking for a happier home.
- o There we shall with thee remain,   
 Partners of thy endless reign;   
 There thy face unclouded see—   
 Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN 23. L. M. *Oporto.* [\*]

**CHRIST'S** *Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.* Acts   
 ii, 32—36.

- 1 **C**OME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,   
 Your dying, rising Lord to sing;   
 And echo, to the heavenly plains,   
 The triumphs of your Saviour King.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,   
 How he subdu'd your potent foes;   
 Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,   
 And, dying, finish'd all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high,   
 Return'd; while hymning angels round,   
 Thro' the bright arches of the sky,   
 The God, the conquering God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious pow'r!   
 Not angel tongues can e'er display   
 The wonders of that dreadful hour—   
 The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,   
 In vain their feeble voices raise;   
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,   
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace,   
 Fill ev'ry heart, and every tongue;   
 Till the full glories of thy face,   
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

STEELE.

HYMN 24. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [\*]CHRIST'S *Resurrection and Ascension.* Matt. xxviii, 2.

d 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!

A Death, yield up the mighty prey!

s See, the Saviour quits the tomb—

Glowing with immortal bloom.

u 2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise

Fame's eternal trump of praise;

—Let the earth's remotest bound

Echo to the blissful sound.

o 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;

See the Conqueror mount the skies;

Troops of angels on the road,

Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

g 4 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide—

Glorious Hero, thro' them ride;

King of glory, mount thy throne,

Boundless empire is thine own.

s 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,

Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;

Praise him in the noblest songs,

From ten thousand thousand tongues.

—6 Let Emmanuel be ador'd—

d Ransom, Mediator, Lord;

o To creation's utmost bound,

Let th' immortal praise resound.

GIBBONS.

HYMN 25. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]*Praise to the REDEEMER.*

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,

e May an infant lisp thy name?

—Lord of man, as well as angels,

Thou art every creature's theme.

e Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.

—2 Lord of every land and nation,

Ancient of eternal days!

o Sounded through the wide creation,

Be thy just, exalted praise.

g 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—

Grand beyond a seraph's thought—

For created works of power,

Works with skill and kindness wrought.

- 4 For thy providence that governs,  
Thro' thine empire's wide domain ;  
e Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—  
o Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- e 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
Dark thro' brightness all along !  
e Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
a Who dare sing that awful song? Hal
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
e Shall thy praise, unutter'd lie ?  
d Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !  
o Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal
- e 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?  
—Shame would cover me, ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,  
a To the cross of deepest wo—  
All to ransom guilty captives !  
s Flow my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- o 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour ;  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne  
g Thence return, and reign for ever ;  
Be the kingdom all thine own.  
Hallelujah, &c. ROBINSON.

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HYMN 26. C. M. *Marlborough.* [\*]

*Coronation of Christ.* Cant. iii, 11.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fix'd this floating ball ;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call ;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
o And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord, did call.  
The God incarnate ! Man Divine !  
o And crown him—Lord of all.

- 5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
 o And crown him—Lord of all.
- e 6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 —Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
 o And crown him—Lord of all.
- 7 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 g To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him—Lord of all.

DUMAN.

HYMN 27. 6 & 4. *Trinity.* [\*]*Jesus is King.* Rev. xiv, 3.

- 1 **L**ET us awake our joys,  
 Strike up with cheerful voice—  
 Each creature sing ;  
 Angels—begin the song,  
 Mortals—the strains prolong,  
 In accents, sweet and strong,—  
 o “Jesus is King.”
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name,  
 Tell of his matchless fame—  
 What wonders done ;  
 Shout through hell's dark profound,  
 Let the whole earth resound,  
 Till the high heav'ns rebound—  
 “The vict'ry's won.”
- 3 He vanquish'd sin and hell,  
 And the last foe will quell ;  
 e Mourners rejoice !  
 His dying love adore :  
 o Praise him now rais'd in power,  
 And triumph ever more,  
 With a glad voice.
- o 4 All hail the glorious day,  
 When thro' the heav'nly way,  
 g Lo, he shall come !  
 e While they who pierc'd him wail,  
 His promise shall not fail ;  
 o Saints, see your King prevail ;  
 d Come, dear Lord, come !

KINGSBURY



HYMN 28. H. M. *Triumph.* [\*]*The Kingdom of Christ.* Phil. iv, 4.

- s 1 **R**EJOICE—the Lord is King;  
 Your God and King adore;  
 Mortals give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore:  
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice—the Saviour reigns!  
 The God of truth and love;  
 When he had purg'd our stains,  
 He took his seat above:  
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
 He rules air, earth, and heaven:  
 The keys of death and hell  
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:  
 o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our sins destroy;  
 And every bosom swell,  
 With pure seraphic joy;  
 o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- o 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus the Judge shall come—  
 And take his servants up  
 To their eternal home:
- g We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:  
 The trump of God shall sound—rejoice! **RIPPON.**

HYMN 29. C. M. *Swanwick.* [\*]*Glories of God in Redemption.* Isai. xlv, 23.

- g 1 **F**ATHER—how wide thy glory shines!  
 How high thy wonders rise!
- o Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,  
 By thousands thro' the skies.
- d 2 But when we view thy strange design,  
 To save rebellious worms;
- p Where vengeance and compassion join,  
 In their divinest forms;—

- g 3 Here the whole Deity is known ;  
 e Nor dares a creature guess—  
 e Which of the glories brightest shone—  
 d The justice or the grace.  
 b 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb,  
 Adorn the heav'nly plains :  
 Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.  
 o 5 O may I bear some humble part,  
 In that immortal song !  
 s Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue. WATTS'S LYR.

HYMN 30. 6 & 4. C. M. *Bermondsey* [\*]

*Worthy the Lamb.* Rev. v, 12.

- o 1 **G**LORY to God on high :  
 Let heaven and earth reply—  
 o Praise ye his Name !  
 — His love and grace adore,  
 e Who all our sorrows bore ;  
 — And sing for evermore—  
 o Worthy the Lamb.  
 — 2 All they around the throne  
 o Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his Name ;  
 We, who have felt his blood,  
 Sealing our peace with God,  
 Sound his dear name abroad—  
 o Worthy the Lamb.  
 — 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless ;  
 o Praise ye his name :  
 o In him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 o Shouting with heart and voice—  
 u Worthy the Lamb.  
 e 4 'What tho' we change our place—  
 — Yet we shall never cease  
 Praising his name :  
 o To him our songs we bring—  
 s Hail him our gracious King,  
 And without ceasing sing,  
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 31. L. M. *Munich. Moreton.* [\*]*Christ's Intercession.* Heb. vii, 25.

- 1 **H**E lives—the great Redeemer lives;  
 o What joy the blest assurance gives;  
 —And now before his Father God,  
 Pleads the full merits of his blood.
- e 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
 And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;  
 —But in the Saviour's lovely face,  
 o Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts—  
 Above our fears, above our faults,  
 o His powerful intercessions rise;  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- e 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their pow'r,  
 —Let this dear hope repel the dart—  
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!  
 On him our humble hopes depend;  
 o Our cause can never, never fail,  
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. STEEL.

HYMN 32. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [\*]*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus!  
 Thou didst free salvation bring;  
 By thy death thou didst release us,  
 From the tyrant's deadly sting.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid;  
 Great High Priest, by God anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of thy blood:  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made for man with God.
- g 4 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory:  
 There for ever to abide;  
 All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side.

e 5 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 There thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in heaven we appear.

o 6 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;

o Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 33. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [\*]

*Redeeming Love.*

o 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
 —Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,  
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
 o As to Canaan on ye move,  
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

e 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
 Banish all your guilty fears ;  
 o See your guilt and curse remove,  
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.

e 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin !  
 —Now from bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.

o 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—  
 Welcome to his sacred rest :  
 d Nothing brought him from above,  
 Nothing—but redeeming love.

o 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs ;  
 His tremendous foes and ours,  
 From their cursed empire drove,  
 Mighty in redeeming love.

o 7 Hither, then, your music bring,  
 u Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
 —Mortals, join the hosts above—  
 g Join to praise redeeming love.

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN. 34. C. M. *Windsor. Plymouth.* [\*]*The Necessity of Renewing Grace.*

- e 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !
- e The heart, unchang'd, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- p 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray ;  
Reason, debas'd, can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
- e 3 Can ought, beneath a pow'r divine,  
The stubborn will subdue ?
- o 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine,  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall,  
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray—  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- p 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !
- o Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,  
Almighty Lord, be thine !
- 

HYMN 35. S. M. *Watchman.* [\*]*Prayer for the Spirit.* John xiv, 26.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith ;  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.



- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—  
 To sanctify the soul—  
 To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,  
 And new-create the whole,  
 o 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 q Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The Father, Son, and Thee. HART.

HYMN 36. L. M. *Carthage*. [b]*Sorrow for Sin.*

- p 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone !  
 O that I could at last submit !  
 At Jesus' feet to lay me down—  
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.  
 e 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art—  
 Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.  
 —3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
 And fully set my spirit free,  
 I cannot rest till pure within,  
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.  
 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
 Thy light and easy burden prove—  
 The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood—  
 The labour of thy dying love.  
 d 5 I would—but thou must give the pow'r,  
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.  
 p 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;  
 Appear, in my poor heart appear ;  
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

HYMN 37. C. M. *Canterbury. Wantage*. [b]*Repentance.*

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
 Has wander'd from the Lord !  
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
 Forgetful of his word !  
 2 Yet Sov'reign mercy calls—"Return :"  
 Dear Lord, and may I come !

My vile ingratitude I mourn :

O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,

And bid my crimes remove ?

And shall a pardon'd rebel live,

To speak thy wondrous love.

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,

How glorious—how divine !

That can to life and bliss restore,

So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love—so free—so sweet—

Dear Saviour, I adore ;

O keep me at thy sacred feet,

And let me rove no more.

STEELE.

HYMN 38. L. M. *Armley.* [b]

*Sinner submitting to God.*

1 **W**EARY of struggling with my pain,  
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,

At length I give the contest o'er,

And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—

God, who creates, must seal my peace ;

Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,

Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

e 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,

I see my sin, but cannot feel ;

I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,

And bid th' obedient waters flow.

- 4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,

Thy gifts I only can receive ;

Here then to thee I all resign,

To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

o 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,

Make my infected nature pure ;

Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,

And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Reading.* [b\*]

*Sinner resolving to go to Christ.* Esth. iv, 16.

1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve ;

Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd

And make this last resolve :—

- o 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 "Hath like a mountain rose ;  
 "I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 "Whatever may oppose.
- e 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 "And there my guilt confess ;
- y "I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
 "Without his sovereign grace.
- o 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
 "Whose sceptre pardon gives ;  
 —"Perhaps he may command my touch—  
 "And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
 "Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
- e "But if I perish, I will pray,  
 "And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,  
 "I am resolv'd to try ;  
 "For if I stay away, I know  
 "I must for ever die."

JONES.

HYMN 40. 7 & 6. *Clark's.* [b\*]*The Heart healed by Mercy.*

- 1 **S**IN enslav'd me many years,  
 And led me bound and blind ;  
 Till at length a thousand fears  
 Came swarming o'er my mind.
- o Where, (I said in deep distress,)  
 Will these sinful pleasures end ?  
 How shall I secure my peace,  
 And make the Lord my friend ?
- 2 Friends and ministers said much,  
 The gospel to enforce ;
- e But my blindness still was such,  
 I chose a legal course :  
 Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,  
 Scarce would shew my face abroad ;
- e Fear'd, almost, to speak or move—  
 A stranger still to God.
- 3 Thus afraid to trust his grace,  
 Long time did I rebel ;
- e Till despairing of my case,  
 Down at his feet I fell :

- o Then my stubborn heart he broke,  
 And subdu'd me to his sway ;  
 By a simple word he spoke—  
 d "Thy sins are done away."

COWPER.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Islington.* [\*]*The happy Change.*

- e 1 **I**N sin, by blinded passions led,  
 In search of fancied good we range ;  
 The paths of disappointment tread,  
 To nothing fix'd—but love of change.  
 —2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts  
 A knowledge of the Saviour's love ;  
 Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,  
 Are then renew'd, no more to rove.  
 a 3 Now a new principle takes place,  
 Which guides and animates the will ;  
 —This love, another name for grace,  
 Constrains to good, and bars from ill.  
 o 4 By love's pure light we soon perceive  
 Our noblest bliss and proper end ;  
 And gladly ev'ry idol leave,  
 To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

HYMN 42. L. M. *Portugal.* [b \*]*The Influences of the Spirit experienced.* John xiv, 16, 17.

- e 1 **D**EAR Lord—and shall thy Spirit rest,  
 In such a wretched heart as mine ?  
 d Unworthy dwelling!—glorious Guest !  
 Favours astonishing—divine.  
 e 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,  
 And hope almost expires in night ;  
 Lord, can thy Spirit then be here  
 —Great spring of comfort, life, and light ?  
 o 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh ;  
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;  
 Else would my hopes forever die,  
 And ev'ry cheering ray depart.  
 —4 When some kind promise glads my soul,  
 Do I not find his healing voice  
 The tempest of my fears control,  
 And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice.

- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,  
 With ardent wish my heart aspires ;  
 Can it be less than pow'r Divine,  
 Which animates these strong desires ?
- 6 And when my cheerful hope can say,  
 d "I love my God, and taste his grace,"  
 e Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,  
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 7 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart  
 Forever dwell, O God of love ;  
 o And light, and heav'nly peace impart—  
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

STEELE.

HYMN 43. 8s. *Bethany.* [\*]*Power of Faith.* Rom. i, 17.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucified God,  
 o His pardon at once he receives—  
 Redemption in full through his blood.
- o 2 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes,  
 Against him in malice unite—  
 Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose,  
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
 And brings such salvation as this,  
 Is more than mere fancy, or name—  
 d The work of God's Spirit it is.
- o 4 It treads on the world, and on hell,  
 It vanquishes death and despair,  
 e And what is still stranger to tell,  
 d It overcomes heav'n by prayer.
- o 5 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"  
 That stand betwixt God and the soul ;  
 e It binds up the broken in heart,  
 And makes wounded consciences whole—
- 6 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
 Be spotless as snow and as white :  
 o And raises the sinner on high,  
 To dwell with the angels of light.

HART.

HYMN 44. S. M. *Peckham.* [\*]*Preciousness of Faith.* Eph. ii, 8. 2 Pet. i, 1.

- 1 **F**AITH—'tis a precious grace,  
 Where'er it is bestow'd ;



It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,  
And all-atoning Priest ;  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress ;  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,  
And that divinely free ;  
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,  
To work this faith in me.

BEDOME.

HYMN 45. C. M. *Arundel*. [\*]

*Faith encouraged by Ancient Example.* Heb. xi, 13.

o 1 **R**ISE, O my soul, pursue the path,  
By ancient worthies trod ;  
Aspiring, view those holy men,  
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

—2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
And in example live ;  
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,  
Still fresh instruction give.

o 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,  
They conquer'd ev'ry foe ;  
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,  
Their crowns of life they owe.

—4 Lord, may I ever keep in view,  
The patterns thou hast giv'n—  
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,  
That led them safe to heav'n.

NEEDHAM.

HYMN 46. L. M. *Oporto*. [\*]

*The new Convert.*

1 **T**HE new-born child of gospel grace,  
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,  
Beneath EMMANUEL's shining face,  
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 Nor fears he feels—he sees no foes—  
No conflict yet his faith employs ;

- Nor has he learn'd to whom he owes  
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- e 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting ;  
And, comforts sinking day by day,  
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,  
Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,  
The Lord soon made his numbers less ;  
And said, " Lest Israel vainly boast,  
d " My arm secur'd me this success."
- e 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,  
And draw our ebbing comforts low ;  
—That, sav'd by grace, but not our own,  
We may not claim the praise we owe. COWPER.

### HYMN 47. C. M. *Canterbury*. [\*]

*Comforts, True and False.*

- 1 **O** GOD, whose favourable eye  
The sin-sick soul revives ;  
Holy and heav'nly is the joy,  
Thy shining presence gives.
- e 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,  
Who with a graceless heart,  
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,  
Prepar'd by Satan's art.
- 3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,  
Who, while they boast their light,  
And seem'd to soar above the stars,  
Are plunging into night.
- e 4 Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,  
They sin, and yet rejoice ;
- e Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,  
Would they not hear his voice ?
- 5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim  
The soul from Satan's pow'r ;
- e That make me blush for what I am,  
And hate my sin the more.
- 6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,  
At thy dear feet to lie ;  
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,  
And none can higher fly.

COWPER.

HYMN 48. C. M. *Mear.* [\*]*Zeal, True and False.*

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,  
The fire of love supplies ;  
e While that which often bears the name,  
Is self in a disguise.
- e 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,  
Can pity and forbear ;  
d The false is headstrong, fierce and wild ;  
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,  
He knows the worth of peace ;  
But self contends for names and forms,  
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,  
Its end is satisfy'd,  
If sinners love the Saviour's name ;  
Nor seeks it ought beside.
- d 5 But self, however well employ'd,  
Has its own ends in view ;  
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,  
"Come, see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,  
And be applauded here ;  
But zeal the best applause will gain,  
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,  
And from our hearts remove ;  
And let no zeal by us be shown,  
But that which springs from love. NEWTON.
- 

HYMN 49. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]*Not go away from Christ.* John vi, 67—69.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
e (Alas, what numbers do !)  
—Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
d "Wilt thou forsake me too ?"
- e 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.

- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,  
To save a wretch like me ;  
c To whom, or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee ?  
—4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,  
Thou art the CHRIST of God ;  
o Who hast eternal life secur'd,  
By promise and by blood.  
—5 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart ;  
o No love but thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.  
e 6 What anguish has this question stirr'd,  
a ' If I will also go ?'  
—Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
d I humbly answer—No !

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HYMN 50. L. M. *Carthage*. [b\*]

*Not ashamed of Jesus*. Mark viii, 38.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee !  
Scorn'd be the tho't, by rich and poor,  
O may I scorn it more and more.  
2 Asham'd of Jesus!—sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine,  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.  
3 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend,  
In whom my hopes of heav'n depend !  
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.  
p 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes I may—  
When I've no sins to wash away ;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.  
—5 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !  
And, O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

GRIGG.

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HYMN 51. C. M. *Colchester*. [\*]

*Inconstancy in Religion*. Hosea vi, 4.

- 1 **P**ERPETUAL Source of light and grace,  
We hail thy sacred Name :

- 
- Through ev'ry year's revolving round,  
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,  
It wondrous mercy pours ;
- o Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,  
And plenteous as the show'rs.
- a 3 Inconstant service we repay,  
And treach'rous vows renew ;  
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,  
And transient as the dew.
- p 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,  
And loud implore thy grace,  
To bear our feeble footsteps on,  
In all thy righteous ways.
- o 5 Arm'd with this energy divine,  
Our souls shall steadfast move ;
- o And with increasing transports press,  
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So by thy pow'r the morning sun  
Pursues his radiant way ;
- o Brightens each moment in his race,
- o And shines to perfect day. DODDRIDGE.
- 

HYMN 52. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

*O that I were as in months past.* Job xxix, 2.

- b 1 **S**WEET was the time, when first I felt  
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,  
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- o 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
His praises tun'd my tongue ;  
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 (In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm ;  
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And lean'd upon his arm.)
- o 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.



e 5 But now—when ev'ning shade prevails,  
 My soul in darkness mourns:  
 And when the morn the light reveals,  
 No light to me returns.

6 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,  
 For Jesus hides his face ;

I read—the promise meets my eyes—  
 But will not reach my case.

—7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—  
 O make my soul thy care ;

o I know thy mercy cannot fail,

— Let me that mercy share.

NEWTON

HYMN 53. 8s. *Bethany.* [b]

*Faith fainting.*

e 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
 Just ready all hope to resign ;

I pant for the light of thy face,  
 And fear it will never be mine :

p Dishearten'd with waiting so long,

I sink at thy feet with my load ;

All-plaintive I pour out my song,

And stretch forth my hands unto God.

—2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;

The blood of atonement apply ;

And lead me to Jesus for peace,

The rock that is higher than I :

o Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,

Thy presence is fair to behold ;

—Attend to my sorrows and cries,

e My groanings that cannot be told.

—3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,

My hold on thy promise to keep ;

o The billows more fiercely return,

And plunge me again in the deep.

—While harass'd and cast from thy sight,

The tempter suggests with a roar,

d “The Lord has forsaken thee quite ;

“Thy God will be gracious no more.”

e 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love has design'd

No covenant blessing for me,

Ah, tell me, how is it I find

Some pleasure in waiting for thee ?

- 
- o Almighty to rescue thou art ;  
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r :  
 o Come succour and gladden my heart,  
 Let this be the day of thy power. RIPPON'S COL.
- 

HYMN 54. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]*Self Examination.*

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,  
 Oft it causes anxious thought :—
- e Do I love the Lord, or no ?  
 Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?  
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse ;  
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
 Pray'r a task and burden prove—  
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain—  
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- e 4 When I turn my eyes within,  
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin—  
 Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
- d You who love the Lord indeed,  
 Tell me—is it so with you.
- o 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
 Should I grieve for what I feel,  
 If I did not love at all !
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—  
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
 If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !  
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray ;  
 If I have not lov'd before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

HYMN 55. 3s. *Consolation.* [\*]*The Holy Spirit addressed under-darkness.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit, the Dove,  
And visit a sorrowful breast ;
- e My burden of guilt to remove,  
And bring me assurance and rest ;  
—Thou only hast power to relieve  
A sinner overwhelm'd with his load ;  
The sense of redemption to give,  
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,  
And kindly withheld me from sin ;  
Resolv'd by the strength of thy love,  
My worthless affections to win ;  
'The work of thy mercy revive,  
Invincible mercy exert,  
And keep my weak graces alive,  
And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 3 If when I have put thee to grief,  
And madly to folly return'd,  
Thy goodness has been my relief,  
And lifted me up as I mourn'd ;  
O Spirit of pity and grace,  
Relieve me again and restore ;  
My spirit in holiness raise,  
To fall, and to grieve thee, no more :
- e 4 If now I lament after God,  
And pant for a taste of his love—
- e If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,  
Obtain'd me a mansion above ;—
- o Come, heav'nly Comforter, come,  
Sweet witness of mercy divine !
- o And make me thy permanent home,  
And seal me eternally thine.

RIFPON.

HYMN 56. L. M. *Sicilian.* [\* b]*Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 **I**ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace ;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;

- But it has been in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,  
At once he'd answer my request ;  
And by his love's constraining pow'r,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- e 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart ;  
And let the angry pow'rs of hell  
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- a 5 Yea, more—with his own hand he seem'd  
Intent to aggravate my wo ;  
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- e 6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cry'd,  
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
- d " 'Tis in this way (the Lord reply'd,)  
" I answer pray'r for grace and faith.
- 7 " These inward trials I employ,  
" From self and pride, to set thee free,  
" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
" That thou may'st seek thy all in me." NEWTON.

HYMN 57. L. M. *Pleyel's*. [\*]*Inconstancy lamented.*

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, when, when shall it be,  
That I no more shall break with thee?  
When will this war of passion cease,  
And I enjoy a lasting peace?
- e 2 Here I repent, and sin again,  
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain ;  
Slain with the same malignant dart,  
Which, oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,  
That I shall find my all in thee—
- o The fulness of thy promise prove,  
And feast on thine eternal love? DORRINGTON.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Bath*. [b\*]*Conflict between Sin and Holiness. Gal. v, 17.*

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within—  
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !

Not this can reign, nor that prevail,  
 Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

e 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die—

o Now raise my songs of triumph high ;

o Sing a rebellious passion slain,

e Or mourn to feel it live again.

o 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,

Borne upwards to my native skies:

When faith assists my soaring flight,

To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

e 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roli,

Ere earth reclaims my captive soul ;

—I feel its sympathetic force,

And headlong urge my downward course.

e 5 How short the joys thy visits give !

How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve !

What clouds obscure my rising sun,

Or interrupt its rays at noon !

—6 Great God, assist me through the fight,

Make me to triumph in thy might ;

Thou the desponding heart canst raise,

The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

CRUTTENDON.

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HYMN 59. C. M. *Tunbridge*. [\*]

*Watchfulness and Prayer.*

e 1 **A** LAS, what hourly dangers rise !

What snares beset my way !

—To heaven then let me lift my eyes,

And hourly watch and pray.

p 2 How oft my mournful tho'ts complain,

And melt in flowing tears !

e My weak resistance, ah, how vain !

e How strong my foes and fears !

—3 O gracious God, in whom I live,

My feeble efforts aid ;

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,

e Though trembling and afraid.

—4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,

When foes and fears prevail :

And bear my fainting spirit up,

e Or soon my strength will fail



—5 When strong temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside ;

o My God, thy powerful aid impart—  
My guardian and my guide.

—6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,  
o And bid the tempter flee ;

—And never let me go astray,  
From happiness and thee.

STEELE.

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HYMN 60. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley*. [\*]

*Hope encouraged.* Ps. xlii, 5.

e 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?

o Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness ;  
Bid thy restless fears be gone :

Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in his dear name.

--2 What though Satan's strong temptations,  
Vex and grieve thee day by day ;

And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay ;

o Thou shalt conquer—  
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

—3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within ;

o Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin :

He is faithful  
To perform his gracious word.

—4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road ;

o His right hand shall still defend thee ;  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God !

Therefore praise him—  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

—5 O that I could now adore him,  
Like the heavenly host above,

o Who forever bow before him,  
And unceasing sing his love !

o Happy songsters !  
When shall I your chorus join ?

FAWCETT.

HYMN 61. C. M. *Bedford.* [\*]*Lively Hope and gracious Fear.*

- e 1 **I** WAS a grov'ling creature once,  
 And basely cleav'd to earth ;  
 I wanted spirit to renounce  
 The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,  
 And sent me from above,  
 Wings such as clothe an angel's form,  
 The wings of joy and love.
- o 3 With these, to Pisgah's top I fly,  
 And there delighted stand ;  
 To view, beneath a shining sky,  
 The spacious promis'd land.
- o 4 The Lord of all the vast domain,  
 Has promis'd it to me :  
 The length and breadth of all the plain,  
 As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege !  
 To thee for help I call ;
- e I stand upon a mountain's edge,  
 O save me, lest I fall !
- 6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,  
 My strength is not my own ;
- e Then let me tremble at his word,  
 o And none shall cast me down.

COWPER.

HYMN 62. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [\*]*Assurance.* Jer. xxxi, 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I know, hath died for me,—  
 This is my hope, my joy, my rest !  
 Hither when hell assails, I flee,  
 And look into my Saviour's breast :
- o Away, sad doubts, and anxious fear—
- e Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
- e Tho' strength, and health, and friends, be gone  
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,  
 And every comfort be withdrawn ;
- g Steadfast on this my soul relies—  
 Father thy mercy never dies.

—3 Fix'd on this rock will I remain,  
 e When heart shall fail, and flesh decay ;  
 g A rock which shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away !  
 s Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Lov'd with an everlasting love ! LYNDALL.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]

*Christ, the Believer's Ark.* 1 Pet. iii, 20, 21.

1 **T**HE deluge, at the Almighty's call,  
 In what impetuous streams it fell !  
 Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,  
 And swept a guilty world to hell.  
 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride  
 Fled from the close pursuing wave ;  
 Nor could their mightiest towers defend,  
 Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.  
 e 3 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !  
 How shrill the universal cry—  
 Of millions in the last despair—  
 Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky.  
 e 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,  
 Surrounded with the chosen few,  
 Sat in his ark, secure from fear,  
 And sang the grace that steer'd him through.  
 o 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,  
 While storms of vengeance round me fall ;  
 Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,  
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.  
 —6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,  
 Nor ever quit that sure retreat ;  
 o Then the wide flood that buries earth,  
 Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.  
 e 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;  
 There not a wave of trouble rolls ;  
 But the bright rainbow round the throne,  
 Seals endless life to all their souls. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 64. 8 & 7. *Emmaus.* [\*]

*Christ, a Friend closer than a Brother.* Prov. xviii, 24.

1 **O**NE there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end :

- They who once his kindness prove;  
Find it everlasting love.
- e 2 Which of all our friends, to save us  
Could, or would have shed their blood?
- o But our Jesus died to have us,  
Reconcil'd in him to God :
- o This is boundless love indeed !  
Jesus is a friend in need.
- e 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name ;  
—Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same :  
Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.
- e 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often,  
What a Friend we have above :
- o But when home our souls are bro't,  
We will love thee as we ought.
- NEWTON.

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HYMN 65. C. M. *St Ann's. Mear.* [b]

*Manna, or Daily Supply.* Exod. xvi, 18.

- 1 **M**ANNA to Israel well supply'd  
The want of other bread ;  
While God is able to provide,  
His people will be fed.
- 2 Of his kind care, how sweet a proof !  
It suited every taste :  
Who gather'd most had just enough,  
Enough who gather'd least.
- o 3 'Tis still our gracious Lord provides,  
Our comforts and our cares ;  
His own unerring hand provides,  
And gives us each our shares.
- e 4 He knows how much the weak can bear,  
And helps them when they cry ;
- o The strongest have no strength to spare,  
For such he'll strongly try.
- 5 Daily they saw the manna come,  
And cover all the ground ;  
But what they try'd to keep at home,  
Corrupted soon was found.

e 6 Vain their attempts to store it up ;

This was to tempt the Lord :

o Israel must live by faith and hope,

And not upon a hoard.

NEWTON.

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HYMN 66. C. M. *York.* [\*]

*Joys of Saints.* Neh. ix, 10.

1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow,  
In nature's barren soil ;

e All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.

—2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known ;—

o There fruits of heavenly joy and peace,  
Are found—and there alone.

e 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
— A sense of pard'ning love,—

o A hope that triumphs over death,

o Gives joys like those above.

—4 To take a glimpse within the vail,  
To know that God is mine—

o Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable, divine !

—5 These are the joys which satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind ;

o Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.

NEWTON.

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HYMN 67. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [\*]

*Walking with God.* Gen. v, 24.

1 **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;

And light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb !

e 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?

Where is the soul refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and his word ?

—3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
How sweet their mem'ry still !

e But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.



- 
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be—  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
o And purer light shall mark the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- COWPER.
- 

HYMN 68. C. M. *Abridge.* [\*]

*Light Shining out of Darkness.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
Of never-failing skill ;  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- o 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
With blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
e Behind a frowning providence,  
o He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- o 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
o God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.
- COWPER.
- 

HYMN 69. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [b]

*Afflictions sanctified by the Word.*

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !

- It guides me in the peaceful way ;  
 I think upon it all the day.  
 2 What are the mines of shining wealth ?  
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health ?—  
 What are all joys, compared with those,  
 Thine everlasting word bestows ?  
 e 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,  
 In pleasure's path, secure I stray'd :  
 —Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,  
 o And straight I turn'd unto my God.  
 e 4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart—  
 o I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart ;  
 e It taught my tears a while to flow,  
 o But sav'd me from eternal wo.  
 e 5 Oh ! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,  
 Thy precepts I had still despis'd ;  
 And still the snare in secret laid,  
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.  
 o 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,  
 And breathe towards thy dear abode ;  
 Where, in thy presence, fully blest,  
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

COWPER.

HYMN 70. C. M. *Barby*. [\*]*Submission.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
 And help me to resign;  
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
 And make thy pleasure mine.  
 e 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears ?  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand,  
 That wipes away my tears ?  
 —3 No, let me rather freely yield  
 What most I prize, to thee ;  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Or wilt withhold from me.  
 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.  
 o 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;  
 e Shall I resist them both ?  
 A poor blind creature of a day ?  
 And crush'd before the moth !

- 
- 6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to thy sway ;  
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
 Drives all these thoughts away. COWPER.
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HYMN 71. C. M. *Bedford.* [\*b]

*Resignation. It is the Lord.* 1 Sam. iii, 18.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,  
 Whose claims are all divine ;  
 Who has an undisputed right,  
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—who governs all—  
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;  
 And of his bounties may recall  
 Whatever part he please.
- e 3 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
 Or contradict his will ?  
 —Who cannot do but what is just,  
 And must be righteous still.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
 Beneath the heaviest load,  
 o From whom assistance I obtain,  
 To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill  
 Can from afflictions raise—  
 o Matter, eternity to fill  
 With ever growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,  
 o Thrice blessed be his Name,  
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,  
 Must ever be the same.
- o 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,  
 Should nature's self expire ;  
 g And the great Judge of all descend  
 In awful flaming fire. GREEN.
- 

HYMN 72. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [\*]

*Self-denial : or, Bearing the Cross.* Mark viii, 38.

- e 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
 And bear the cross for me ?  
 And shall I fear to own thy name,  
 Or thy disciple be ?

- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And make me truly bold ;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- o 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,  
And treat me with disdain ;  
Still may I glory in thy name,  
And count reproach my gain.
- o 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my pow'rs resign ;  
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.

KIRHAM.

HYMN 73. C. M. *Reading.* [\*]*Contentment.* Phil. iv, 11.

- 1 **F**IERCE passions discompose the mind,  
As tempests vex the sea ;  
But calm content and peace we find,  
When, Lord, we trust in thee.
- 2 In vain by reason, and by rule,  
We try to bend the will ;  
For none but in the Saviour's school,  
Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,  
His gracious words to hear ;  
Contented with my present state,  
I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? " he said,  
" Then how canst thou complain ?  
" How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd  
" With everlasting pain !
- 5 " If thou of murmur'ring wouldst be cur'd,  
" Compare thy griefs with mine ;  
" Think what my love for thee endur'd—  
" And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 " 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
" And I do all things well ;  
" Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,  
" And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 " In life my grace shall strength supply,  
" Proportion'd to thy day ;  
" At death thou still shalt find me nigh,  
" To wipe thy tears away."

8 Thus I, who once my wretched days,  
 In vain repining spent ;  
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,  
 Have learn'd to be content. COWPER.

HYMN 74. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [\*]

*The Lord will Provide.* Gen. xxii, 14.

- 1 **T**HE saints should never be dismay'd,  
 Nor sink in hopeless fear ;  
 For when they least expect his aid,  
 The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abrah'm found : he rais'd the knife,  
 d God saw, and said, ' Forbear ;—  
 ' Yon ram shall yield his meaner life :  
 ' Behold the victim there.'
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey ;  
 d But hark ! the foe's at hand :  
 —Saul turns his arms another way,  
 To save the invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,  
 He thought to rise no more ;  
 o But God prepar'd a fish, to save,  
 And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,  
 That meet us in his word !  
 May ev'ry deep felt care of mine,  
 Be trusted with the Lord.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,  
 And though it tarry, wait :  
 The promise may be long delay'd ;  
 But cannot come too late. COWPER.

HYMN 75. H. M. *Allerton.* [\*]

*The Lord my Banner.* Exod. xvii, 15.

- e 1 **B**Y whom was David taught  
 To aim the dreadful blow.  
 When he Goliah fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low ?
- No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- o 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,  
 Who sent him to the fight ;  
 Who gave him strength to sling,  
 And skill to aim aright :



—Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
Because young David's God is yours.

e 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,  
To storm the invader's camp,—  
With arms of little worth,  
A pitcher and a lamp?  
The trumpets made his coming known;  
And all the host was overthrown.

o 4 Oh! I have seen the day,  
When with a single word—  
God helping me to say,  
e 'My trust is in the Lord,'—  
o My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
Fearless of all that could oppose.

e 5 But unbelief, self-will,  
Self-righteousness and pride—  
How often do they steal  
My weapons from my side!  
o Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,  
Will help his servant to the end.

COWPER.

HYMN 76. C. M. *York.* [\*]

*The Lord that healeth.* Exod. xv.

1 **H**EAL us, EMMANUEL;—here we are,  
Waiting to feel thy touch:  
Deep wounded souls to thee repair;  
e And, Saviour, we are such.  
—2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust thy word;  
e But wilt thou pity us the less?—  
d Be that far from thee, Lord!  
—3 Remember him who once applied,  
With trembling for relief;  
d "Lord, I believe." with tears he cried;  
"O help my unbelief."  
—4 She too who touch'd thee in the press,  
And healing virtues stole,  
d Was answer'd "Daughter, go in peace;  
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."  
—5 Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring throng,  
She would have shunn'd thy view;  
And if her faith was firm and strong,  
Had some misgivings too.

- 6 Like her with hopes and fears we come,  
To touch thee if we may;  
e Oh! send us not despairing home—  
Send none unheal'd away. COWPER.

HYMN 77. L. M. *Armley*. [\*]*The Lord send Peace.* Judg. vi, 24.

- e 1 **J**ESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd  
To satisfy the law's demand—  
o By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,  
Before the Father's face we stand.  
—2 To reconcile offending man,  
Make justice drop her angry rod!  
e What creature would have form'd the plan?  
Or who fulfil it, but—a God?  
—3 No drop remains of all the curse,  
For wretches who deserv'd the whole;  
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce  
The guilty, but returning soul.  
e 4 Peace, by such means, so dearly bought,  
What rebel could have hop'd to see?  
p Peace—by his injur'd Sov'reign wrought—  
His Sov'reign fasten'd to the tree!  
—5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare;  
For strife with earth and hell begins;  
Confirm and gird me for the war;  
They hate the soul who hates his sins.  
e 6 Let them in horrid league agree!  
They may assault, they may distress;  
o But cannot quench thy love to me,  
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace. COWPER.

HYMN 78. C. M. *Hymn 2d. Sunday*. [\*]*Thankfulness for Providential Goodness.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
o Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.  
—2 Thy providence my life sustain'd  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay;  
Or hung upon the breast.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear;  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.
- e 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
o Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face;  
e And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
o Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- o 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
e Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
o And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- o 8 Through all eternity—to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
e For O, eternity's too short,  
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

HYMN 79. C. M. *Swanwick*. [\*]*Encouragement to trust and love God. Ps. xxxiv.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- o 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all who are distress'd,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- o 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Protection he affords to all,  
Who make his Name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide,  
How bless'd are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

- e 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear:  
o Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.

TATE.

HYMN 80. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [\*]*Grateful Recollection.* 1 Sam. vii, 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
o Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above:  
o Praise the mount.—I'm fix'd upon it—  
u Mount of God's unchanging love.  
—2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thine help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
e Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
o He to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd with precious blood.  
e 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
—Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:  
e Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
d Here's my heart—O take and seal it;  
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

HYMN 81. 8s. *Consolation.* [\*]*Excellencies of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?  
How shall I his beauties declare?  
O how shall I speak of his worth,  
Or what his chief dignities are?  
o His angels can never express,  
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,  
How rich are his treasures of grace:—  
e No! this is a myst'ry unknown.

- g 2 In him all the fulness of God  
For ever transcendently shines ;  
e Though once like a mortal he stood,  
To finish his gracious designs :  
p Though once he was nail'd to the cross,  
Vile rebels like me to set free ;  
—His glory sustained no loss,  
g Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his pow'r,  
Seem'd then, with each other to vie ;  
e When sinners he stoop'd to restore,  
p Poor sinners condemned to die !  
d He laid all his grandeur aside,  
And dwelt in a cottage of clay :  
Poor sinners he lov'd, till he died,  
To wash their pollution away.
- 4 O sinner, believe and adore,  
The Saviour so rich to redeem ;  
No creature can ever explore  
The treasures of goodness in him :  
d Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,  
And feel yourselves burden'd with sins,  
Draw near, while with terrou'r you're toss'd,  
Believe—and your peace shall begin.
- 5 Now, sinner, attend to his call,  
d “ Whoso hath an ear let him hear ! ”  
—He promises mercy to all,  
Who feel their sad wants, far and near :  
o He riches has ever in store,  
And treasures that never can waste :  
o Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more—  
u Here's glory eternal at last. RIPPON'S COL.

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HYMN 82. L. M. *Armley*. [\*]

*All good in CHRIST.*

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,  
My Refuge, my almighty Friend  
e And can my soul from thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend ?  
2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go--  
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?  
Can this dark world of sin and wo,  
One glimpse of happiness afford ?



- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,  
On these my fainting spirit lives ;  
o Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;  
e While thou art near, in vain they call :  
o One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy Name, my inmost pow'rs adore ;  
o Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;  
d Depart from thee ;—'tis death—'tis more !  
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair !
- e 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;  
—Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
o For life, eternal life is thine.

STEELE.

HYMN 83. L. M. *Leeds.* [\*]*Temptation : or, Safety in the Storm.*

- d 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call,  
e My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform ;  
And guide and guard me through the storm !  
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,  
d Control the waves—say, "Peace—be still !"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- e 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Tho' tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
o Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

COWPER.

HYMN 84. 7s. *Hotham*. [\*]*Christ, the Refuge from the Storm.* Deut. xxxiii, 27.

1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh !  
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone—  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head,  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

COWPER.

HYMN 85. H. M. *Allerton*. [\*]*Jesus, the Pilot.* Luke viii, 22.

1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,  
I launch into the deep ;  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep :  
For thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine !

2 Thou art my Pilot wise ;  
My compass is thy word ;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord !  
I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r,  
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,  
Through all my passage lie ;

Yet thou wilt safely keep,  
And guide me with thine eye :  
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,  
And I each boisterous storm outride.

- o 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest ;  
My soul, thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast.  
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- e 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And storms and winds subside ;  
Lord to my succour fly,  
And keep me near thy side :  
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- o 6 Come, heav'nly Wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
To waft me from below,  
To heav'n, my destin'd place :  
s Then in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world, and sin, behind.

HUNTINGDON.

HYMM 86. L. M. Castle Street. [\*]

*My Redeemer liveth.* Job xix, 25.

- 1 " **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;"  
What comforts, this sweet sentence gives,  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever living head !
- 2 He lives—triumphant from the grave,  
He lives—eternally to save ;  
He lives—all glorious in the sky,  
He lives—exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives—to bless me with his love,  
He lives—to plead for me above ;  
He lives—my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives—to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives—to grant me rich supply,  
He lives—to guide me with his eye ;  
He lives—to comfort me when faint,  
He lives—to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives—to silence all my fears,  
He lives—to stoop and wipe my tears ;

- He lives—to calm my troubled heart,  
 He lives—all blessings to impart.  
 6 He lives—my kind, wise, heav'nly Friend,  
 He lives—and loves me to the end ;  
 He lives—and while he lives I'll sing,  
 He lives—my prophet, priest, and king.  
 7 He lives—and grants me daily breath,  
 He lives—and I shall conquer death !  
 He lives—my mansion to prepare,  
 He lives—to bring me safely there.  
 o 8 He lives—all glory to his name !  
 He lives—my Jesus, still the same :  
 e O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 o "I know that my Redeemer lives !" MEDLEY.

HYMN 87. 7s. *Fairfax.* [\*]*Life and Strength in Christ.*

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,  
 Still supply my every want ;  
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,  
 With thy sap my spirit fed.  
 e 2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,  
 Wither without thee, and die ;  
 Weak as helpless infancy ;  
 O confirm my soul in thee !  
 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall ;  
 Send the strength for which I call :  
 Weaker than a bruised reed,  
 Help I ev'ry moment need.  
 4 All my hopes on thee depend ;  
 —Love me, save me to the end !  
 Give me the continuing grace,  
 o Take the everlasting praise. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 88. L. M. *Castle Street.* [\*]*Jehovah-Jesus.*

- 1 **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,  
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;  
 d Thee, SAVIOUR, by that name I call,  
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.  
 —2 Without beginning, or decline,  
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
 g Eternal ages saw Him shine—  
 He shines eternal ages hence.

- e 3 As much when in the manger laid,  
 o Almighty ruler of the sky ;  
 —As when the six day's work he made  
 o Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.  
 —4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears  
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;  
 That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,  
 And owns EMMANUEL for his name.  
 o 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
 My well plac'd hopes with joy I see ;  
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal,  
 To worship him who died for me.  
 e 6 As man, he pities my complaint ;  
 o His pow'r and truth are all divine ;  
 —He will not fail, he cannot faint,  
 g Salvation's sure, and must be mine. COWPER.

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HYMN 89. L. M. Leeds. [\*]

*Assurance in Christ our Righteousness, Isa. xiv, 24,  
 Jer. xxiii, 6.*

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
 o 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.  
 e 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
 To claim my mansion in the skies ;  
 —E'en then shall this be all my plea—  
 d "Jesus hath liv'd—and dy'd for me!"  
 —3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
 Fully, through thee absolv'd I am,  
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame  
 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,  
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
 o Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim—  
 e Sinners, of whom the chief I am.  
 —5 This spotless robe the same appears,  
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
 No age can change its glorious hue ;  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.  
 o 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice ;  
 o Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
 —Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
 g "JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." WESLEY.



HYMN 90. C. M. *Arundel.* [\*]*Holy Fortitude : or, the Christian Soldier.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross?  
 A follower of the Lamb!  
 e And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?  
 —2 Must I be carry'd to the skies,  
 On flow'ry beds of ease?  
 e Whilst others fought to win the prize,  
 And sail'd through bloody seas?  
 —3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 e Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?  
 o 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 e Increase my courage Lord;  
 o I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.  
 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die;  
 o They view the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.  
 o 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine,  
 In robes of victory through the skies—  
 g The glory shall be thine. WATTS.

HYMN 91. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]*God the Pilgrim's Guide. Ps. xlviii, 14.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
 Hld me with thy powerful hand:  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.  
 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through:  
 Strong Deliv'rer!  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.  
 e 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;

- o Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises—  
 I will ever give to thee.

ROBINSON.

HYMN 92. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [\*]*The Christian's Shepherd.* Ps. xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noonday walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- e 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary wandering steps he leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscapes flow.
- e 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray ;  
 —His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
- o The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With lively greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- o 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 o My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dismal shade. ADDISON.

HYMN 93. L. M. *Oporto.* [\*]*Ministry of Angels.* Ps. xci, 11.

- 1 **S**EE, Gabriel swift descends to earth,  
 Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth ;  
 Hark !—a full choir of angels sing,  
 The new-born Saviour, and the King.
- e 2 Behold these swift-wing'd envoys wait  
 On Jesus, in his humble state ;
- p The desert and the garden prove  
 Their glowing zeal, their tender love.
- o 3 They saw the Conqueror mount on high,  
 To glorious worlds beyond the sky ;

Escorted by a shining band,  
To take his place at God's right hand.

—4 Still are these glorious hosts above  
Employ'd in messages of love ;  
On saints below they cheerful wait,  
Nor think the work beneath their state.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my living Friend,  
May these thy servants me attend,  
Thro' life ; and when I quit this clay,  
o Safe to thine arms my soul convey. NEEDHAM

HYMN 94. C. M. *Devizes.* [\*]

*Servants of God always safe.*

1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,  
How sure is their defence !

o Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

—2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care ;  
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

e 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne ;  
High on the broken wave,

o They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

—4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will :  
The sea that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.

e 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we'll adore ;

o We'll praise thee for thy mercies past ;  
e And humbly hope for more.

—6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
o Shall join our souls to thee. ADDISON.

HYMN 95. C. M. *Pleyel's.* [\*]

*Confidence and joy in God.* Hab. iii, 17, 18.

e 1 **A**LTHO' the vine its fruit deny,  
Altho' the olive yield no oil ;

The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,  
The field delude the tiller's toil ;—

2 Altho' the stall no herd afford,  
p And perish all the bleating race ;

o Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
s The God of my salvation praise.

e 3 Tho' comfortless my soul remain,  
And not a gleam of light appear ;

a Tho' joy be sought, and sought in vain,  
And tho' despair itself be near ;—

p 4 Altho' assurance all be lost,  
And blooming hopes cut off I see ;

o Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
g And glory that he died for me.

WESLEY.

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HYMN 96. C. M. Zion. [\*]

*Christ the Believer's Song.*

e 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee ;

—No musick's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.

e 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,  
In mercy to us speak ;

o And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedeck.

—3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay ;

o We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
When all things else decay.

—4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all the favour'd throng ;

s Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song. MADAN'S COL.

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HYMN 97. 7s. St. John's. [\*]

*Adieu to the vain World.*

d 1 **W**ORLD, adieu ! thou real cheat ;  
Oft have thy deceitful charms

Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
Foolish hopes and false alarms :

—Now I see as clear as day,  
How thy follies pass away.

- e 2 Vain, thy entertaining sights:  
 False, thy promises renew'd ;  
 All the pomp of thy delights  
 Does but flatter and delude :  
 Thee I quit for heav'n above,  
 Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind  
 Follow after fleeting toys ;  
 Since in thee alone I find,  
 Solid and substantial joys :—
- o Joys that never overpast,  
 Through eternity shall last.
- e 4 Lord, how happy is a heart,  
 After thee while it aspires !
- True and faithful as thou art,  
 Thou shalt answer its desires :
- g It shall see the glorious scene  
 Of thine everlasting reign.

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 98. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [\*]*The Pilgrim's Song.*

- o 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place :
- p Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
- s Rise, me soul, and haste away,  
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
 Both speed them to their source :
- e So a soul that's born of God,  
 Pants to view his glorious face ;  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.
- d 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;  
 Press onward to the prize ;
- o Soon our Saviour will return,  
 Triumphant in the skies.
- e Yet a season, and you know,  
 Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
- o All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n. MADAN'S COL.



HYMN 99. 10 & 11. *Walworth*. [\*]*View of Heaven.* Rev. xxii, 1—5.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise,  
View thine inheritance beyond the skies ;  
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,  
What endless pleasure in those mansions dwell :  
There my Redeemer lives, all-bright and glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,  
In that bless'd country can admission gain ;  
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,  
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear :  
There my Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,  
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides ;  
There the fair tree of life majestic rears  
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears :  
There my Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rising sun his transient beams displays,  
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays ;  
The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,  
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads :  
There my Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires !  
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires !  
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive—  
When leave this earth, and when begin to live ?  
For there my Saviour is all bright and glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

STRAPHAN

HYMN 100. 7s. *St. John's*. [\*]*Privileges of Adoption.* 1 John iii, 1, 2.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God ;  
They are bought with Christ's own blood,  
They are ransom'd from the grave ;  
Life eternal they shall have :  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.
- 2 God did love them in his Son,  
Long before the world begun ;  
They the seal of this receive,  
When on Jesus they believe .

With them numbered may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are justifi'd by grace ;  
'They enjoy a solid peace ;  
All their sins are wash'd away ;  
They shall stand in God's great day :  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,  
In the works of righteousness ;  
They are harmless, meek, and mild,  
Holy, blameless, undefil'd :  
With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

5 They are lights upon the earth,  
Children of an heavenly birth ;  
One with God, with Jesus one ;  
Glory is in them begun :

g With them number'd may we be,  
Here, and in eternity.

HUMPHREYS.

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HYMN 101. 8s. *Consolation.* [\*]

*Supreme Love to Christ.*

1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim ;  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name.  
To gaze on his glories divine,  
Shall be my eternal employ—  
To feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless ineffable joy.

e 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
—To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;

o To shine with the angels of light,  
With saints and with seraphs to sing ;  
g To view with eternal delight,—  
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

e 3 In Mesech as yet I reside—  
A darksome and restless abode !  
Molested with foes on each side,  
And longing to dwell with my God.

- e O when shall my spirit exchange  
 This cell of corruptible clay,  
 For mansions celestial, and range  
 Through realms of ineffable day !
- 4 My glorious Redeemer, I long  
 To see thee descend on the cloud,  
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,  
 And mix with the triumphant crowd.
- e O when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
 To join in thy praises above—  
 To gaze on thee—world without end,  
 And feast on thy ravishing love ?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,  
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,  
 Shall ever molest me again,  
 o Perfection of glory reigns there.
- This soul and this body shall shine,  
 In robes of salvation and praise ;  
 And banquet on pleasures divine,  
 Where God his full beauty displays.
- d 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey ;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 And pass in a moment away :
- o The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
- g My joy everlastingly flows—  
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

FRANCIS.

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 HYMN 102. 5 & 6. *Newcastle.* [\*]
*Praise for Salvation.*

- 1 **O**UR Saviour alone,  
 The Lord let us bless,  
 Who reigns on his throne,  
 The Prince of our peace ;  
 Who evermore saves us,  
 By shedding his blood :
- o All hail, holy Jesus,  
 Our Lord and our God !
- 2 We thankfully sing  
 Thy glory and praise,  
 Thou merciful Spring  
 Of pity and grace .

- 
- Thy kindness for ever  
 To men we will tell ;  
 o And say, our dear Saviour  
 Redeem'd us from hell.  
 — 3 Preserve us in love,  
 While here we abide :  
 O never remove  
 Thy presence, nor hide  
 Thy glorious salvation ;  
 o Till each of us see,  
 With joy, the bless'd vision,  
 Completed in thee !
- 

HYMN 103. S. M. *Nativity.* [\*]*Song of Moses and the Lamb.* Rev. xv, 3.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
 o Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.  
 e 2 Sing of his dying love ;  
 Sing of his rising power ;  
 —Sing how he intercedes above,  
 e For those whose sins he bore.  
 — 3 Sing, till we feel our heart  
 Ascending with our tongue ;  
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,  
 And grace inspires our song.  
 o 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
 u Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,  
 In Christ, th' eternal King.  
 e 5 Soon shall we hear him say,  
 d "Ye blessed children come ;"  
 —Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his wand'ers home.  
 o 6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim ;  
 g And sweeter voices tune the song  
*Of Moses and the Lamb.*

HAMMOND.

HYMN 104. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [\*]*The Christian's song.*

- 1 **G** RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
 While Jehovah's praise we sing ;

- g Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Be thy glorious Name ador'd.
- 2 Men on earth, and saints above,  
Sing the great Redeemer's love :  
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;  
o Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !
- e 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear  
—Our humble hallelujahs hear ;  
o Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When with saints we stand and sing.
- 4 Lead us to that blissful state,  
Where thou reign'st supremely great :  
e Look with pity from thy throne,  
Send the Holy Spirit down.
- 5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;  
Till we come to reign with thee,  
And thy glorious greatness see.
- o 6 Then with angels we'll again  
u Wake a louder, louder strain ;  
s There in joyful songs of praise,  
We'll our grateful voices raise.
- 7 There no tongue shall silent be,  
All shall join sweet harmony ;  
g That thro' heav'n's all spacious round,  
Praise to God, may ever sound.  
Lord thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !

HYMN 105. L. M. *Oporto.* [\*]*Dignity, and Happiness of the Christian.*

- 1 **H**ONOUR and happiness unite,  
To make the Christian's name a praise .  
How fair the scene, how clear the light,  
That fills the remnant of his days !
- 2 A kingly character he bears ;  
No change his priestly office knows ;  
Unfading is the crown he wears ;  
His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,  
Salvation shines upon his face ;



His robe is of th' etherial dye,  
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,  
Nor stops to take applause from earth;  
The King of kings himself maintains,  
The expenses of his heav'nly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,  
Ordain'd to fill a throne above!  
God gives him all he can bestow—  
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought—  
Methinks from earth I see him rise;  
Angels congratulate his lot,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!

COWPER.

HYMN 106. 5 & 6. Wesley. [\*]

*God's Servants should praise and extol him.*

1 **Y**E servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful Name;  
The name all victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh,  
His presence we have:  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God  
Who sits on the throne—  
Let all cry aloud  
And honour the Son:  
Our Jesus's praises  
The angels proclaim;  
Fall down on their faces  
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,  
And give him his right;

- o All glory and power,  
And wisdom and might:  
g All honour and blessing,  
With angels above;  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 107. 6 & 4: *Trinity. [\*]**Invocation to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
e Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.  
o 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall!  
g Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made:  
Our souls on thee be stay'd,  
e Lord, hear our call!  
3 Come, thou, incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend!  
o Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
e Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!  
—4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour!  
o Thou, who almighty art;  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of pow'r.  
g 5 To the great ONE in THREE,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore!  
His sovereign majesty,  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore!

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 108. L. M. *Babylon.* [b]

*The Sinner weighed and found wanting.* Dan. iv, 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—  
Behold God's balance lifted high!  
There shall his justice be display'd,  
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law;  
Mark with what force its precepts draw,  
e Would'st thou the awful test sustain?—  
d Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,  
To trace those dreadful characters;  
d “*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,  
“And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”
- e 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;  
Let horror shake thy tott'ring knees;  
p Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail—  
Christ has a weight to turn the scale;  
o Still does the gospel publish peace,  
And shew a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to save,  
Deep on the heart these truths engrave;  
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,  
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 109. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

*Sinner, prepare to meet God.*

- e 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
Can thy heart or hand endure,  
In the Lord's avenging day?
- d 2 See, his mighty arm is brac'd,  
Awful terrours clothe his brow!  
e For his judgment stand prepar'd—  
Thou must either break or bow.
- g 3 At his presence nature shakes,  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;  
Solid mountains melt like wax:  
p What will then become of thee!

e 4 Who his advent may abide?  
 —You who glory in your shame,  
 Will you find a place to hide,  
 When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Lord, preparè us by thy grace,  
 Soon we must resign our breath;  
 And our souls be call'd to pass  
 Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,  
 Listen to the gospel voice;  
 Seek the things that are above;  
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

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HYMN 110. C. M. *Bishopsgate*. [b]  
*Sinners entreated to forsake their ways.* Isa. lv, 7.

1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;  
 e His mercy speaks to-day;  
 —He calls you by his sovereign word,  
 From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
 You live devoid of peace;  
 A thousand stings within your breast,  
 Deprive your souls of ease.

e 3 Why will you in the crooked ways  
 Of sin and folly go?  
 In pain you travail all your days,  
 To reap immortal wo!

o 4 But he who turns to God shall live,  
 Through his abounding grace:  
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,  
 Of those who seek his face.

—5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
 Renouncing ev'ry sin;  
 Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
 And learn his will divine.

o 6 His love exceeds your highest tho'ts;  
 He pardons like a God:

o He will forgive your numerous faults  
 Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

FAWCETT

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HYMN 111. 8, 7 & 4. *Littleton*. [b]  
*Sinners entreated to hear.*

1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,  
 Sent in mercy from above?

- e Every sentence—O how tender !  
 --Every line is full of love ;  
 a Listen to it—  
 o Every line is full of love.  
 —2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,  
 News from Zion's king proclaim,  
 o To each rebel sinner—" Pardon,  
 " Free forgiveness in his name."  
 e How important !  
 d Free forgiveness in his name !  
 —3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;  
 And with news of consolation,  
 Chase away the falling tears :  
 e Tender heralds—  
 o Chase away the falling tears.  
 —4 False professors, grovelling worldings,  
 Callous hearers of the word,  
 While the messengers address you ;  
 Take the warnings they afford ;  
 e We entreat you,  
 d Take the warnings they afford.  
 e 5 Who hath our report believed ?  
 Who receiv'd the joyful word ?  
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord.  
 p Can you slight it—  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord !  
 —6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
 o Hasten to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay :  
 s Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN.

HYMN 112. 7s. *Fairfax*. [b\*]*Burdened Sinners invited to Christ.* Matt. ix, 23.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary souls oppress,  
 Find in Christ the promis'd rest ;  
 On him all your burdens roll,  
 He can wound, and he make whole.  
 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,  
 Come and wash in Jesus' blood :  
 To the Son of David cry,  
 In his word he's passing by.



3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,  
All your wants in Jesus find;  
This the day of mercy is,  
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

DECOURCY

HYMN 113. 8s & 7s. *Calvary.* [b]  
*Suppliant Address to the Saviour.* Mark x, 43.

1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Let me know thy great salvation;  
p See, I languish, faint, and die.  
e 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—  
Send, O send me quick relief!

e 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?

—3 On the word thy blood hath sealed,  
Hangs my everlasting all;  
Let thine arm be now revealed,  
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

e 9 In the world of endless ruin,  
Let it never, Lord, be said,  
d "Here's the soul that perish'd, suing  
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

o 10 *Sav'd*—the deed shall spread new glory  
Thro' the shining realms above;

s Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptur'd with thy love.

TURNER.

HYMN 114. L. M. *Geneva.* [b \*]  
*Vision of the Dry Bones.* Ezek. xxxiv, 3.

1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
See Adam's race in ruin lie;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughter'd millions round.  
e 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live,  
And can these perish'd bones revive?  
—That, mighty God, to thee is known;  
That wondrous work is all thy own.  
3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,  
To prophesy upon the slain—

- e In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
—Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- o 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
Life spreads through all the realms of death;  
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;  
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- o 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound  
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,  
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
And spring to life beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Mear.* [\*]*Converting Grace.* Ps. xlv, 3—5.

- 1 **H**AIL, mighty Jesus, how divine,  
Is thy victorious sword!  
The stoutest reb I must resign,  
At thy commanding word.
- e 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,  
They pierce the hardest heart;  
o Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
And joy succeeds to smart.
- g 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,  
Ride with majestic sway;  
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,  
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy vict'ries are complete,  
And all the chosen race  
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,  
To sing thy conquering grace—
- e 5 O may my humble soul be found,  
Among that favour'd band;  
o And I with them thy praise will sound,  
Throughout Emmanuel's land. WALLIN.

HYMN 116. L. M. *Bath.* [\*]*Revival of Religion hoped for.*

- e 1 **W**HILE I to grief my soul give way,  
To see the work of God decline,  
—Methought I heard the Saviour say,  
g Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 2 "Tho' for a time I hide my face,  
"Rely upon my love and power,  
"Still wrestle at the throne of grace,  
"And wait for a reviving hour.

- o 3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,  
 "I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer,  
 e "The winter season has been sharp,  
 o "But spring shall all its wastes repair."  
 —4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive ;  
 o Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing,  
 o Our foes in vain against us strive,  
 For God will help and triumph bring.

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HYMN 117. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b\*]  
*God's regard to the actively Pious.* Mal. iii, 16, 17.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on mortal worms looks down,  
 From his celestial throne ;  
 And when the wicked swarm around,  
 He well discerns his own.  
 e 2 He sees the tender hearts, that mourn  
 The scandals of the times ;  
 And join their efforts to oppose,  
 The wide prevailing crimes.  
 —3 Low in the social band he bows  
 His still attentive ear ;  
 And, while his angels sing around,  
 Delights their voice to hear.  
 o 4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep  
 Their words in transcript fair ;  
 In the Redeemer's book of life,  
 Their names recorded are.  
 d 5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "the world shall know  
 "These humble souls are mine :  
 "These, when my jewels I produce,  
 "Shall in full lustre shine.  
 8 "When deluges of fiery wrath  
 "My foes away shall bear ;  
 "That hand which strikes the wicked thro',  
 "Shall all my children spare." DODDRIDGE.

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1 HYMN 118. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]  
*Prayer for spiritual Healing.*

- 1 **T**HOU great Physician of the soul,  
 To thee I bring my case ;  
 My raging malady control,  
 And heal me by thy grace.  
 2 Help me to state my whole complaint ;  
 But where shall I begin ?

Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint,  
This worse distemper—sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,  
But through my frame is spread ;

A burning fever in my heart,  
A palsy in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,  
And impotent, and lame ;

It overclouds, and fills my mind,  
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 (A thousand evil thoughts intrude,  
Tumultuous in my breast ;

Which indispose me for my food,  
And rob me of my rest.)

6 Lord, I am sick ; regard my cry,  
And set my spirit free ;

Say canst thou let a sinner die,  
Who longs to live to thee ?

HYMN 119. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [b\*]

*Efficacy of God's Word.* Jer. xxiii, 29.

e 1 **W**ITH rev'rend awe, tremendous Lord,  
We hear the thunders of thy word ;

o The pride of Lebanon it breaks :

o Swift the celestial fire descends,  
The flinty rock in pieces rends,

g And earth to its deep centre shakes.

—2 Array'd in majesty divine ;

Here sanctity and justice shine,

e And horror strikes the rebel thro' ;

g While loud this awful voice makes known  
The wonders which thy sword hath done,

a And what thy vengeance yet shall do.

o 3 So spread the honours of thy name ;

g The terrors of a God proclaim ;

—Thick let the pointed arrows fly ;

e Till sinners humbled in the dust,

Shall own the execution just,

—And bless the hand by which they die.

o 4 Then clear the dark tempestuous day,  
And radiant beams of love display,

Each prostrate soul let mercy raise ;

e So shall the bleeding captives feel,

Thy word, that gave the wound, can heal,  
o And change their notes to songs of praise.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN 120. C. M. *Abridge. Barby.* [\*]*Light and Glory of the Word.*

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to light;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
g Majestic like the sun;  
—It gives a light to every age,  
d It gives—but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
o His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise but never set.
- o 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display;  
As makes a world of darkness shine,  
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love;  
g Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

HYMN 121. 7s. *St. John's.* [\*]*Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day:
- o Day of all the week the best;  
Emblem of eternal rest:
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name;  
s Shew thy reconciling face—  
Take away our sin and shame:  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.



-3 Here we come thy Name to praise;  
 Let us feel thy presence near:  
 May thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in thy house appear:  
 Here afford us Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound,  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound;  
 Bring relief from all complaints:

o Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
 Till we join the church above.

NEWTON.

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HYMN 122. H. M. *Bethesda*. [\*]

*Sabbath Morning.*

1 **W**ELCOME, delightful morn,  
 Thou day of sacred rest;  
 I hail thy kind return,  
 e Lord make these moments blest.  
 -From the low train of mortal toys,  
 o I soar to reach immortal joys.  
 -2 Now may the King descend,  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
 While saints address thy face:  
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,  
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

o 3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless the sacred hours:

o Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
 Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

HAYWARD.

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HYMN 123. C. M. *Sunday*. [\*]

*The Lord's Day.*

1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
 In concert with the blest,  
 Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,  
 Employ in endless rest.

2 Lord, may we still remember thee,  
 And more in knowledge grow;

- 
- And may we more of glory see,  
While waiting here below.
- o 3 On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd,  
g By God the Eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.
- o 4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,  
e With grief and pain extreme :
- g 'Twas great—to speak the world from nought—  
'Twas greater—to redeem. DECOURCY'S COL.
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HYMN 124. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [\* b]*Devotion.*

- e 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power!  
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
- And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- e 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar :
- o Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
e Thy ruling hand I see !
- e Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
— Because conferr'd by thee.
- o 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
e In every pain I bear,  
o My heart shall find delight in praise,  
e Or seek relief in prayer.
- o 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
- e Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see ;
- o My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on thee. WILLIAMS
- 

HYMN 125. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [\* b]*Social Worship.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here we trust thou art !

- Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,  
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Shew us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,  
And love and concord dwell ;
- e Here give the troubled conscience peace,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow ;
- e And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers ;
- e And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.
- o 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON

HYMN 126. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]*A Blessing humbly requested.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
- e O do not our suit disdain !  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;  
In compassion, now descend ;  
—Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
- o Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
a Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
Lord we know not how to go ;  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart,  
Full salvation to each heart.

SELECT. 8

e 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
 Let the time of joy return ;  
 Those who are cast down, lift up,  
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

—6 Grant that all may seek, and find  
 Thee a God supremely kind :  
 Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

RIPPON.

HYMN 127. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [\*]

*Love Divine.*

1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling :  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down :

Fix in us thy humble dwelling :

All thy faithful mercies crown.

e Jesus, thou art all compassion !

Pure, unbounded love, thou art !

Visit us with thy salvation,

Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving Spirit

Into ev'ry troubled breast !

e Let us all in thee inherit,

Let us find thy promis'd rest.

—Take away the power of sinning,

Alpha and Omega be ;

o End of faith, as its beginning,

Set our hearts at liberty.

—3 Come, Almighty to deliver

Let us all thy life receive !

Suddenly return—and never—

e Never more thy temples leave !

—Then we would be always blessing,

Serve thee as thy hosts above ;

o Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,

Glory in thy precious love.

—4 Finish then thy new creation ;

Pure, unspotted may we be ;

Let us see thy great salvation,

Perfectly restor'd by thee :

g Chang'd from glory unto glory,

Till in heav'n we take our place ;

e Till we cast our crowns before thee,

a Lost in wonder, love, and praise ! MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 128. C. M. *Reading.* [b\*]*Seed in different Grounds.* Matt. xiii, 3.

- 1 **Y**E sons of earth, prepare the plough,  
Break up your fallow ground :  
The sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil,  
Shoots forth a hasty blade ;  
But ill repays the sower's toil,  
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk  
All hopes of harvest there ;  
We find a tall and sickly stalk,  
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway side  
Receive the trust in vain ;  
The watchful birds the prey divide,  
And pick up all the grain.
- o 5 But were the Lord of grace and power,  
Has bless'd the happy field ;  
How plenteous is the golden store,  
The deep wrought furrows yield !
- e 6 Father of mercies, we have need  
Of thy preparing grace ;  
—Let the same hand that gives the seed,  
Provide a fruitful place.

COWPER.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Sicilian.* [\*]*Close of Worship.*

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss, forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

HART.

HYMN 130. L. M. *Portugal.* [\*]*Close of Worship.*

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,  
And by his word of grace imparts,  
Which only the believer feels,  
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.



2 And may the holy Three in One,  
The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
Pour an abundant blessing down,  
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

NEWTON

HYMN 131. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [\*]

*Close of Worship.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,  
Who from th' imprison'd grave,  
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Omnipotent to save ;—
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood,  
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,  
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,  
On which our hopes are built ;—
- 3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace,  
T' accomplish all his will ;  
And all that's pleasing in his sight,  
Inspire us to fulfil !
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake  
We every blessing pray ;
- g With glory let his name be crown'd,  
Through heav'n's eternal day.

GIBBONS.

HYMN 132. H. M. *Allerton.* [\* b]

*Jubilee.*

- o 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound :
- o The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
e The sin-atonig Lamb ;  
— Redemption by his blood,  
Through all the world proclaim :
- o The year, &c.
- e 3 Ye who have sold for nought,  
The heritage above,  
-- Come take it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love :
- o The year, &c.

- 
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive ;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
o The year, &c.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear  
The news of pard'ning grace ;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face :  
o The year, &c.
- 6 Jesus, our great high priest,  
Has full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mourning souls, be glad :  
s The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !      **TOPLADY.**
- 

HYMN 133. C. M. *Zion. Hymn 2d.* [\* b]

*The Lord's Prayer.*

1 **F**ATHER of all, we bow to thee,  
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;  
But present still through all thy works,  
The universal Lord.

2 Forever hallowed be thy name,  
By all below the skies ;  
And may thy kingdom still advance,  
Till grace to glory rise.

3 Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfil ;  
Let all thy glory see ;  
And, as in heaven thy will is done,  
On earth so let it be.

4 Our wants with every morning grow,  
With food these wants supply ;  
And on our souls the BREAD bestow  
To eat—and never die !

5 Our sins before thee we confess ;  
O may they be forgiv'n !  
As we to others mercy shew,  
We mercy beg of heaven.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct ;  
From evil guard our way ;  
And in temptation's fatal path,  
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine's the power, the kingdom thine,  
 All glory's due to thee :  
 Thine from eternity they were,  
 And thine shall ever be.

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HYMN 134. L. M. *Armley*. [b\*]

*Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
 In coming to a mercy seat?  
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw ;  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ,  
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- e 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's side ;  
 But when through weariness they fail'd,  
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,  
 Words flow apace when you complain ;  
 And fill a fellow-creature's ear,  
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
 To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me." COWPER.

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HYMN 135. 7s. *Fairfax*. [\*]

*Power of Prayer.*

- 1 **I**N themselves as weak as worms,  
 How can poor believers stand,  
 When temptations, foes, and storms,  
 Press them close on every hand?
- 2 Weak indeed they feel they are,  
 But they know the throne of grace ;  
 And the God, who answers prayer,  
 Helps them when they seek his face.
- 3 Though the Lord awhile delay,  
 Succour they at length obtain ;

He who taught their hearts to pray,  
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,  
Bring relief in deepest straits ;  
Prayer can force a passage through  
Iron bars and brazen gates.

NEWTON.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

*Public Fast.* Joel i, 14.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,  
Thy mourning people bend !  
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,  
Our humble hopes depend.
- e 2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand  
Thy dreadful pow'rs display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- p 3 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name.
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace ;  
Then, shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- o 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear ;
- o Secure of never-failing aid,  
When God, our God, is near.

STEELE.

HYMN 137. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

*Public Fast.* Gen. xviii, 23—32.

- 1 **W**HEN Abrah'm full of sacred awe,  
Before Jehovah stood ;  
And with a humble fervent prayer,  
For guilty Sodom sued :—
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace—  
Was his petition crown'd !  
The Lord would spare, if in that place,  
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul,  
So rich a boon obtain ?  
Great God, and shall a nation pray,  
And plead with thee in vain ?

- o 4 Still we are thine—we bear thy name ;  
     Here yet is thine abode ;  
 o Long has thy presence bless'd our land—  
 e Forsake us not, O God ! SCOTT.
- 

HYMN 138. L. M. *Worship.* [b]*Public Fast.* Ezek. ix, 4—6.

- e 1 **O** RIGHTEOUS God, thou judge supreme,  
     We tremble at thy dreadful name !  
     And all our crying guilt we own,  
     In dust and tears before thy throne.
- e 2 So manifold our crimes have been,  
     Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,  
     That, could we all its horrors know,  
     Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.
- o 3 Estrang'd from reverential awe,  
     We trample on thy sacred law :  
 p And though such wonders grace has done,  
     Anew we crucify thy Son.
- e 4 Justly might this polluted land  
     Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;  
 a And bath'd in heaven, thy sword might come,  
     To drink our blood and seal our doom.
- e 5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,  
     Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear ?  
     O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,  
     While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- p 6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,  
     Nor turn away their secret groan :  
     With these we join our humble prayer ;  
     Our nation shield, our country spare. DODDRIDGE.
- 

HYMN 139. L. M. *Psaln 97th.* [b]*Fast. God's Controversy.* Mic. vi, 1—3.

- e 1 **L**ISTEN, ye hills ; ye mountains hear ;  
     Jehovah vindicates his laws ;  
     Trembling in silence at his bar,  
     Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.
- d 2 Israel appear ; present thy plea ;  
     And charge th' Almighty to his face ;  
     Say, if his rules oppressive be ;  
     Say, if defective be his grace.



- e 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease ;  
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame,  
b 'Tis ours in sackcloth to confess,  
—And thine, the sentence to proclaim.  
4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,  
Thy mercies and our crimes appear,  
More than the stars that deck the skies  
And all our dreadful guilt declare.
- e 5 How shall we come before thy face,  
And in thine awful presence bow?  
What off'rings can secure thy grace,  
Or calm the terrors of thy brow?
- e 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed ;  
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain ;  
Or the first-born's devoted head  
With horrid gore thine altar stain.
- 7 But thy own Lamb all-gracious God,  
Whom impious sinners dar'd to slay !  
o Has sovereign virtue in his blood  
To purge the nation's guilt away.
- 8 With humble faith to that we fly ;  
With that may we be sprinkled o'er ;  
Trembling no more in dust we lie,  
And dread thy hand and bar no more. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 140. L. M. *Weldon*. [\*]*Thanksgiving: Seasons crowned with Goodness. Ps. lxxv 11.*

- 1 **E**THERNAL Source of every joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ :  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 141. L. M. *Green's*. [\*]

*Dedication of a House for Worship.* Ps. lxxxvii, 5.

e 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God,  
On earth establish his abode ?  
And will he, from his radiant throne,  
Avow our temple for his own ?

o 2 We bring the tribute of our praise ;  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us sinful mortals near.

—3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,  
Which guards our synagogues in peace !  
That no tumultuous foes invade,  
To fill our worshippers with dread.

e 4 These walls we to thy honour raise ;  
Long may they echo to thy praise ;  
And thou, descending, fill the place,  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

—5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the glories of his train ;  
o While power divine his words attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

g 6 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 142. H. M. *Allerton*. [\*]

*Dedication of a House for Worship.*

1 **I**N sweet exalted strains,  
The King of glory praise ;  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days ;

- g He, with a nod, the world controls,  
Sustains, or sinks, the distant poles.
- e 2 To earth he bends his throne—  
His throne of grace divine ;
- o Wide is his bounty known,  
And wide his glories shine :
- o Fair Salem, still his chosen rest :  
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Great King of glory, come,  
And with thy favour, crown  
This temple as thy dome—  
This people as thy own :  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,  
How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here may thine ears attend—  
Thy people's humble cries ;  
And grateful praise ascend,  
All fragrant, to the skies :
- o Here may thy word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here may th' attentive throng,  
Imbibe thy truth and love ;  
And converts join the song  
Of seraphim above :
- o And willing crowds surround thy board,  
With sacred joy, and sweet accord.
- 6 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise ;  
And shine like polish'd stones,  
Through long succeeding days :
- g Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand, and men adore. FRANCIS.

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HYMN 143. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [\*]

*Ordination: Joshua the high Priest. Zech. iii, 6, 7.*

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore  
The grace that builds thy courts below ;  
And thro' ten thousands sons of light,  
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- e 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,  
—Successive pastors thou dost raise,  
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,  
And form a people for thy praise.

- o 3 The heav'nly natives with delight  
 Hover around the sacred place ;  
 Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,  
 Thy servants join th' angelic band ;
- o With them, thro' distant worlds they fly ;  
 e With them, before thy presence stand.
- o 5 O glorious hope ! O blest employ !  
 e Sweet lenitive of grief and care !  
 When shall we reach those radiant courts,  
 And all their joy and honour share ?
- 6 Yet while these labours we pursue,  
 Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,  
 Give us a zeal and love like theirs,  
 g And half their heaven shall here be known.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 144. H. M. *Whitchurch.* [\*]*Ordination. Ministers a sweet savour to God.* 2 Cor. ii, 15, 16

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord on high,  
 Who spreads his triumphs wide !
- e While Jesus' fragrant name  
 Is breath'd on every side :
- Balmy and rich the odours rise,  
 o And fill the earth, and reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls,  
 Its influence feel—and live ;  
 Sweeter than vital air  
 The incense they receive :
- o They breathe anew, and rise and sing—  
 o Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.
- e 3 But sinners scorn the grace,  
 That brings salvation nigh :  
 They turn away their face.
- a And faint, and fall, and die.  
 p So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,  
 a For O ! they fall to rise no more.
- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,  
 Shall all thy servants be,  
 In those who live or die,  
 A savour sweet to thee ;
- o Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,  
 e Guarded with flames of wrath divine. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 145. L. M. *Leeds. Oporto.* [\*]*Gospel Ministry instituted by Christ. Eph. iv, 11, 12.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house,  
Smile on our homage and our vows;  
While, with a grateful heart, we share  
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scattered his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honour'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,  
And hence the evangelic page.
- 4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence and teachers rise;  
Who, tho' with feebler rays they shine,  
Still gild a long—extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And fed by Christ their graces live:  
o While guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- o 6 So shall the bright succession run,  
Through the last courses of the sun;  
While unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow:  
o Pastors and people shout his praise,  
g Thro' the long round of endless days. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 146. C. M. *Sunday.* [\*]*Gospel Treasure in earthen vessels.*

- **H**OW rich thy bounty, King of kings!  
Thy favours, how divine!  
The blessings which thy gospel brings,  
How splendidly they shine!
- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;  
Should gold and gems compare,  
How mean! when set against those joys,  
Thy poorest servants share?



- e 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace,  
 Are lodg'd in urns of clay;  
 —And the weak sons of mortal race  
 Th' immortal gifts convey.
- e 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,  
 o Yet grace the victory gives;  
 e Quickly they moulder back to earth—  
 o Yet still the gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power divine effects,  
 o Such trophies God can raise;  
 —His hand, from crumbling dust, erects  
 o His monuments of praise. SALISBURY COL.

HYMN 147. L. M. *Carthage.* [\* h]*Prayer for a sick Minister.*

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne,  
 We bow our suppliant spirit down:  
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,  
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,  
 And all our trembling lips would tell;  
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,  
 And yield our wo-fraught heart relief.
- 3 With power benign, thy servant spare,  
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;  
 Avert thy swift descending stroke,  
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 4 Restore him, sinking to the grave;  
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;  
 Back to our hopes and wishes give,  
 And bid our friend and father live.
- 5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,  
 In every breast his image lies;  
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,  
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 6 Yet if our supplications fail,  
 And prayers and tears can nought prevail;  
 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,  
 And guide him safe to endless day. EVAN'S COL.

HYMN 148. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b \*]*Death of a Minister.*

- 1 **H**IS master taken from his head,  
 Elisha saw him go;

- And in desponding accents said,  
 e "Ah! what must Israel do?"
- 2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts  
 The beggar to the throne,  
 Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts,  
 Would soon be made his own.
- d 3 What—when a Paul has run his course,  
 Or when Apollos dies—  
 Is Israel left without resource?  
 And have we no supplies?
- o 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,  
 We have a boundless store;  
 - And shall be fed with what he gives,  
 g Who lives for evermore. COWPER.

HYMN 149. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [b \*]*Death of a Minister.*

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,  
 And all our tears be dry;  
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
 Which view a Saviour nigh?
- e 2 What tho' the arm of conquering death  
 Does God's own house invade?
- p What tho' the prophet and the priest,  
 Be number'd with the dead?—
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
 The aged, and the young—  
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
 And mute the instructive tongue;—
- o 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
 New comfort to impart;  
 His eyes still guides us, and his voice  
 Still animates our heart.
- d 5 "Lo I am with you," saith the Lord,  
 "My church shall safe abide;  
 "For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
 "Whose souls in me confide."
- o 6 Thro' every scene of life and death,  
 This promise is our trust;  
 And this shall be our children's song,  
 e When we are cold in dust. DODDRIDGE.

## HYMN 150. C. M. Colchester. [\*]

*Christ the Refuge of the Church.*

- 1 **H**E who on earth as man was known,  
 e And bore our sins and pains ;  
 g Now, seated on th' eternal throne—  
 The God of glory reigns !  
 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,  
 With an unerring skill ;  
 And countless worlds extended wide,  
 Obey his sovereign will.  
 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,  
 In yonder world above ;  
 o His saints on earth admire his ways,  
 And glory in his love.  
 —4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,  
 Wrought out for guilty worms ;  
 o Affords a hiding place, and shield,  
 From enemies and storms.  
 —5 When troubles, like a burning sun,  
 Beat heavy on their head ;  
 o To this high rock his people run,  
 And find a pleasing shade.  
 e 6 How glorious he !—how happy they !—  
 In such a glorious friend !  
 o Whose love secures them all the way,  
 o And crowns them at the end.

## HYMN 151. L. M. Moreton. [\* b]

*Covenant engagements joyfully recognised. 2 Chron. xv, 15*

- o 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice,  
 On thee, my Saviour, and my God !  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.  
 e 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him, who merits all my love !  
 o Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.  
 d 3 'Tis done :—the great transaction's done ;  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine :  
 He drew me—and I follow'd on—  
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.  
 —4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;  
 With ashes who would grudge to part,  
 When call'd on angels' bread to feast ?

- 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear:  
e Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear. DODDRIDGE.

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HYMN 152. C. P. M. *Bradbury*. [\*]

*Covenant Everlasting.*

- o 1 **N**OW for a hymn of praise to God!  
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood,  
Join the sweet choir above;  
All your harmonious accents bring,  
Wake every high, celestial string,  
To chant redeeming love.
- 2 Ere God pronounc'd creation good,  
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood  
Through fixed channels run;  
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,  
Or angels earth's formation sung,  
He chose us in his Son.
- g 3 Then was the cov'nant order'd sure,  
Through endless ages to endure,  
By Israel's triune God:  
—That none his cov'nant might evade,  
With oaths and promises 'twas made,  
e And ratify'd in blood.
- o 4 God is the refuge of my soul,  
Tho' tempests rage, tho' billows roll,  
And hellish powers assail:  
g Eternal walls are my defence,  
Environ'd with Omnipotence—  
What foe can e'er prevail?
- 5 Then let infernal legions roar,  
And waste their cursed, vengeful pow'r;  
d My soul their wrath disdains:  
g In God, my refuge, I'm secure,  
While cov'nant promises endure,  
Or my Redeemer reigns.

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HYMN 153. 11s. *Idumea*. [\*]

*Church in Affliction.* Isa. xlix, 14—17.

- e 1 **O** ZION afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decay'd.

- o 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
—But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm ;
- o His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends ;  
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- d 3 " O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy he cries ;  
" My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ?  
" Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand ;  
" Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 " Forget thee I will not—I cannot ; thy name,  
" Engrav'd on my heart doth forever remain ;  
" The palms of my hands while I look on I see,  
" The wounds I receiv'd when suff'ring for thee.
- 5 " I feel at my heart all thy sighs and my groans,  
" For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones ;  
" In all thy distresses thy HEAD feels the pain —  
" Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 " Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure,  
" My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;  
" In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
" To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

JAY'S COL.

HYMN 154. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [\*]*Consolation of Israel.* Luke ii, 25.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee :  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the saints thou art ;  
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,  
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 2 Born, thy people to deliver ;  
Born a child—and yet a King ;  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now thy precious Kingdom bring,  
By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 155. L. M. *Islington.* [L]*Christ's Address to the Church at Ephesus.* Rev. ii, 1—7.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,  
And thus he speaks to some of us ;



- d "Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,  
And hold the pastors in my hand.  
2 "Thy works to me are fully known,  
Thy patience, and thy toil I own;  
Thy views of gospel truth are clear,  
Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.  
3 "Yet I must blame, while I approve:  
Where is thy first, thy fervent love?  
Dost thou forget my love to thee,  
That thine is grown so faint to me?  
4 "Recall to mind the happy days,  
When thou wast fill'd with joy and praise;  
Repent—thy former works renew,  
Then I'll restore thy comforts too.  
5 "Return at once, when I reprove,  
Lest I thy candlestick remove;  
And thou, too late, thy loss lament,  
I warn before I strike:—Repent."
- e 6 Hearken to what the Spirit saith,  
To him who overcomes by faith;  
o "The fruit of life's unfading tree,  
In Paradise his food shall be."

NEWTON.

## HYMN 156. C. M. York. [\*]

*Christ's Address to the Church at Smyrna.* Rev.ii,11.

- 1 **T**HE message first to Smyrna sent,  
A message full of grace;  
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,  
In every age and place.  
2 Thus to his church, his chosen bride,  
Saith the great FIRST and LAST,  
Who ever lives—though once he died!  
d "Hold thy profession fast.  
3 "Thy works and sorrow well I know,  
Perform'd and borne for me;  
Poor though thou art, despis'd and low,  
Yet who is rich like thee?  
4 "I know thy foes, and what they say  
How long they have blasphem'd;  
The synagogue of Satan, they,  
Though they would Jews be deem'd.  
5 "Though Satan for a season rage,  
And prisons be your lot:  
I am your friend, and I engage  
You shall not be forgot.

- 6 "Be faithful unto death, nor fear  
A few short days of strife;  
Behold the prize you soon shall wear,  
A crown of endless life."  
e 7 Hear what the Holy Spirit saith  
Of all who overcome;  
o "They shall escape the second death,  
e The sinner's awful doom!" NEWTON.

HYMN 157. 7 & 6. *Clark's. Hymn 5th.* [b\*]  
*Christ's Address to the Church at Sardis.* Rev. iii, 1-6.

- d 1 "WRITE to Sardis, saith the Lord,  
And write what he declares;  
He whose Spirit, and whose Word,  
Upholds the seven stars;  
All thy works and ways I search,  
Find thy zeal and love decay'd;  
'Thou art call'd a living church,  
But thou art cold and dead.  
2 "Watch—remember—seek, and strive,  
Exert thy former pains:  
Let thy timely care revive,  
And strengthen what remains:  
Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,  
Former times to mind recall;  
Lest my sudden stroke descend,  
And smite thee once for all.  
3 Yet I number now in thee,  
A few who are upright;  
These my Father's face shall see,  
And walk with me in white:  
When in judgment I appear,  
They for mine shall stand confess'd:  
Let my faithful servants hear,  
And wo be to the rest." COWPER.

HYMN 158. L. M. *Oporto.* [\*]  
*Christ's Address to the Church at Philadelphia.* Rev.  
iii, 7-13.

- 1 THUS saith the Holy One, and true  
To his beloved faithful few;  
"Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,  
To shut or open as I please.  
2 "I know thy works, and I approve,  
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love;

Go on my word and name to own,  
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.

3 "Before thee see my mercy's door  
Stands open wide to shut no more ;

Fear not temptation's fiery day,  
For I will be thy strength and stay.

4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast ;  
Thy trying hour will soon be past :

Rejoice—for lo ! I quickly come,  
To take thee to my heav'nly home.

g 5 "A pillar there no more to move,  
Inscrib'd with all my names of love :

A monument of mighty grace,  
Thou shalt forever have a place."

—6 Such is the conqueror's reward,  
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord ;

Let him who hath the ear of faith,  
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

NEWTON.

HYMN 159. L. M. *Newcourt.* [b]

*Christ's Address to the Church at Laodicea.* Rev.  
iii, 14—20.

d 1 **H**EAR, what the Lord, the great Amen,  
The true and faithful Witness, says

He form'd the vast creation's plan,  
And searches all our hearts and ways.

2 To some he speaks as once of old,

d "I know thee—thy profession's vain ;  
Since thou art neither hot nor cold,  
I'll spit thee from me with disdain.

3 "Thou boastest 'I am wise and rich,  
Increas'd in goods, and nothing need ;'

And dost not know thou art a wretch,  
Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.

4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,  
My message is in mercy sent ;  
That thou may'st my compassion prove,  
I can forgive if thou repent.

5 "Would'st thou be truly rich and wise,  
Come buy my gold in fire well try'd ;

My ointment, to anoint thine eyes,  
My robe, thy nakedness to hide.

6 "See, at thy door I stand and knock ;  
Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain ?

Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,  
 That I may enter with my train.  
 7 "Thou canst not entertain a king,  
 Unworthy thou of such a guest!  
 But I my own provision bring,  
 To make thy soul a heav'nly feast.

NEWTON

HYMN 160. S. M. *Newton*. [\*]*Promise to Believers and their children.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what our ears have heard,  
 Our eyes delighted trace;  
 Thy love in long succession shown  
 To Zion's chosen race.  
 2 Our children thou dost claim,  
 And mark them out for thine:  
 Ten thousand blessings to thy name,  
 For goodness so divine.  
 3 Thee let the fathers own,  
 And thee, the sons adore;  
 Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,  
 To be forgot no more.  
 4 Thy cov'nant may they keep,  
 And bless the happy bands,—  
 Which closer still engage their hearts,  
 To honour thy commands.  
 e 5 How great thy mercies, Lord!  
 How plenteous is thy grace!  
 Which, in the promise of thy love,  
 Includes our rising race.  
 o 6 Our offspring still thy care,  
 Shall own their fathers' God;  
 To latest times thy blessings share,  
 o And sound thy praise abroad. SALISBURY COL

HYMN 161. C. M. *St. Ann's*. [\*]*Christ's condescending Regard to Little Children.*

Mark x, 14.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand  
 With all engaging charms;  
 e Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,  
 And folds them in his arms.  
 d 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name;  
 "For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
 "The Lord of angels came."

- o 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock with pleasure hear;  
Ye children seek his face;  
o And fly with transports to receive  
The blessings of his grace.
- e 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
— Thy guardian care we trust;  
e That care shall heal our bleeding heart,  
a If weeping o'er their dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 162. S. M. *Bingham.* [\*]*Infants given to God in Baptism. Isa. lxxv, 23.*

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace.
- e 2 O what a vast delight,  
Their happiness to see!  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Now bless, thou God of love,  
This ordinance divine;  
Send thy good Spirit from above,  
And make these children thine. FELLOWS.

HYMN 163. C. M. *York.* [\*]*Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ. Prov. viii, 17.*

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near;  
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your welfare to pursue.
- d 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,  
"Is sure my love to gain;  
"And those who early seek my grace,  
"Shall never seek in vain."
- e 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compar'd with thee?



What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?

d 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!

o 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 164. L. M. *Gloucester*. [\*]

*Early Piety*. Matt. xii, 20.

1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!  
How kind the promises he makes!

A bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he wont despise,  
Nor on the contrite sinner frown;  
His ear is open to their cries,  
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,  
Like tender buds begins to shoot,  
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,  
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,  
In all the sorrows they endure;  
Tender and gracious is his heart,  
His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail,  
Between the pow'rs of grace and sin;  
He kindly listens while they tell  
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Tho' press'd with fears on ev'ry side,  
They know not how the strife may end;  
Yet he will soon the cause decide,  
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

STENNET.

HYMN 165. C. M. *Wareham*. [b \*]

*Young Persons entreated*.

e 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,  
The gift of saving grace;  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in a fruitful place.

—2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heav'nly root;  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.

- d 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,  
The voice of sovereign love !
- e Your youth is stained with many crimes,  
o But mercy reigns above.
- d 4 True you are young, but there's a stone  
Within the youngest breast,  
Or half the crimes which you have done,  
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,  
Oh, join the public prayer !
- p For you the secret tear is shed,  
O shed yourselves a tear.
- 6 We pray that you may early prove,  
The Spirit's power to teach ;  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus whom we preach.

COWPER

HYMN 166. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [b\*]*Prayer for young Persons.*

- 1 **N**OW may fervent prayer arise,  
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies—  
Fervent prayer will bring us down  
Gracious answers from the throne.
- e 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,  
Teach the stony heart to weep ;  
Let the blind have eyes to see—
- e See themselves—and look on thee.
- 3 Let the minds of all our youth  
Feel the force of sacred truth ;  
While the gospel call they hear,  
May they learn to love and fear.
- 4 Show them what their ways have been ;  
Show them the desert of sin ;
- e Then thy dying love reveal ;  
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 5 Where thou hast thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run ;  
Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears,  
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 6 Bless us all, both old and young :  
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;  
Let the whole assembly prove  
All thy power, and all thy love.

NEWTON.

HYMN 167. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]*Prayer for Children.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, our children see ;  
 By thy mercy *we* are free ;  
 But shall these, alas ! remain  
 Subjects still of Satan's reign ?
- 2 Israel's infants, when of old,  
 Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold ;
- d Then thy Messenger, said " No :  
 " Let the children also go."
- e 3 When the angel of the Lord,  
 Drawing forth his dreadful sword,  
 Slew with an avenging hand,  
 All the first-born of the land ;—
- o 4 Then thy people's doors he pass'd,  
 Where the bloody sign was plac'd :
- e Hear us now upon our knees,  
 Plead the blood of Christ for these.
- e 5 Lord, we tremble, for we know  
 How the fierce malicious foe,  
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,  
 Keeps them ever in his sight.
- 6 Spread thy pinions, King of kings !  
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings :
- e Lest the rav'nous birds of prey  
 Seize and bear the brood away.

COWPER

HYMN 168. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [b]*Surrender to infinite Love.*———SACRAMENTAL.

- 1 **W**HEN I view my Saviour bleeding,  
 For my sins, upon the tree ;
- e O how wondrous !—how exceeding  
 Great his love appears to me !
- e 2 Floods of deep distress and anguish,  
 To impede his labours came ;
- Yet they all could not extinguish  
 Love's eternal, burning flame.
- e 3 Now redemption is completed,  
 Full salvation is procur'd :
- o Death and Satan are defeated,  
 By the suff'rings he endur'd.

o 4 Now the gracious Mediator,  
Risen to the courts of bliss,  
Claims for me a sinful creature,  
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

—5 Sure such infinite affection  
Lays the highest claims to mine ;

o All my pow'rs without exception,  
Should in fervent praises join.

—6 Jesus, fit me for thy service,  
Form me for thyself alone ;

e I am thy most costly purchase ;  
Take possession of thy own.

LEE.

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HYMN 169. C. M. *Canterbury*. [b \*]

*Christ's Flesh Meat indeed.* SACRAMENTAL. John  
vi, 53—56.

1 **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To feed on food divine ;

Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He who prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies ;

And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow ;  
Oh, what delightful food !

We eat the bread and drink the wine—  
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endur'd,  
Upon th' accursed tree,

For me—each welcome guest may say,  
'Twas all procur'd for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—  
Dear Saviour—so divine !

Well thou' may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

STENNET.

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HYMN 170. C. M. *York. Barby*. [\*]

*Welcome to the Table.* SACRAMENTAL.

1 **T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,  
And God invites to sup ;

The juices of the living vine,  
Were press'd to fill the cup.

- e 2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye who eat,  
 With royal dainties fed ;  
 —Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,  
 e For JESUS is the bread !  
 e 3 The vile, the lost—he calls to them ;  
 d “ Ye trembling souls appear !  
 “ The righteous in their own esteem,  
 “ Have no acceptance here.  
 4 “ Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
 “ The banquet spread for you ;”  
 e Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,  
 o Then I may venture too.  
 —5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
 And may obtain a place ;  
 o Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
 And I shall see his face.

COWPER.

HYMN 171. L. M. *Gloucester.* [b\*]*Christ Crucified.* SACRAMENTAL.

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross, my Lord I see,  
 Bleeding to death for wretched me ;  
 —Satan and sin no more can move,  
 For I am all transform'd to love.  
 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,  
 In every groan I bear a part ;  
 e I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
 p But see,—he bows his head and dies !  
 —3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
 a Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood !  
 e Behold his side, and venture near ;  
 —The well of endless life is here.  
 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;  
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains :  
 Only the fountain-head above,  
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.  
 e 5 Oh that I thus could always feel !  
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal ;  
 o Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
 The grace and glory of thy Name.  
 o 6 Thy Name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;  
 Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,  
 d And Satan trembles at the sound.

NEWTON



HYMN 172. C. M. *Barby*. [b \*]*Jesus hasting to suffer.* SACRAMENTAL.

- e 1 **T**HE Saviour—what a noble flame  
 Was kindled in his breast;  
 —When hasting to Jerusalem,  
 He march'd before the rest!
- o 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,  
 His ev'ry thought engross:
- e He longs to be baptiz'd with blood!  
 He pants to reach the cross!
- e 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,  
 And woes, to us unknown,  
 o Forth to the task his spirit flew—  
 'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- e 4 Lord, we return thee—what we can!  
 o Our hearts shall sound abroad,  
 Salvation, to the dying MAN,  
 g And to the rising God!
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here,  
 Engage our wond'ring eyes;  
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
 o And hasten to the skies.

COWPER.

HYMN 173. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley*. [\*]*It is finished.* SACRAMENTAL.

- e 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy,  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 o See, it rends the rocks asunder—  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
- d “It is finish'd!”—
- e Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.
- d 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure  
 Do these precious words afford!
- o Heav'nly blessings without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
- d It is finish'd!—
- e Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law;  
 Finish'd—all that God had promis'd;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
- d It is finish'd!
- Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

o 4 Ransom'd ones, approach the table—

Taste the soul reviving food :

Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant,  
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.

d It is finish'd—

—Christ has borne the heavy load.

o 5 'Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—

Join to sing the pleasing theme ;

o All on earth, and all in heaven,

Join to praise Emmanuel's name,

Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb ! BURDER'S COL

HYMN 174. 7s. *Fairfax*. [\*b]

*It is good to be here.* SACRAMENTAL.

1 **L**ET me dwell on Golgotha,

a Weep—and love my life away !

e While I see him on the tree,

a Weep—and bleed—and die for me !

—2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,

Shows my sin in all its guilt :

p Ah ! my soul, he bore thy load ;

a Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

d 3 Hark ! his dying word, “ Forgive,

“ Father, let the sinner live :

“ Sinner, wipe thy tears away,

“ I thy ransom freely pay.”

—4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,

And obtain a pardon seal'd ;

All my soft affections move,

Waken'd by the force of love.

d 5 Farewell, world, the gold is dross,

Now I see the bleeding Cross ;

—Jesus died to set me free,

From the law, and sin, and thee !

6 He has dearly bought my soul,

Lord, accept, and claim the whole ;

To thy will I all resign,

e Now no more my own, but thine.

NEWTON.

HYMN 175. H. M. *Bethesda*. [\*]

*The Fountain of Life.* SACRAMENTAL.

1 **H**AIL, everlasting Spring !

Celestial Fountain, hail !

- Thy streams salvation bring,  
 The waters never fail :  
 Still they endure, and still they flow,  
 For all our wo a sov'reign cure.
- o 2 Blest be His wounded side,  
 And blest his bleeding heart,  
 Who all in anguish died,  
 Such favours to impart.  
 His sacred blood shall make us clean  
 From ev'ry sin—and fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love,  
 Our souls this day would come :  
 And thither from above,  
 Lord, call the nations home ;
- o That Jew and Greek, with rapt'rous songs,  
 On all their tongues, thy praise may speak.
- DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 176. C. M. *Christmas.* [\*]

*Highway to Zion.* Isa. xxxv, 8—10.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
 Your great deliv'rer sing,  
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
 Be joyful in your King.
- e 2 See the fair way his hand has rais'd,  
 How holy, and how plain !  
 --Nor shall the simplest trav'ler err,  
 Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 Nor ravening lion shall destroy,  
 Nor lurking serpent wound ;  
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
 Thro' all the path are found.
- o 4 A hand Divine shall lead you on,  
 Through all the blissful road ;  
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
 And see your smiling God.
- o 5 These garlands of immortal joy  
 Shall bloom on every head ;  
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
 Like shadows all are fled.
- g 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;  
 Pursue his footsteps still ;  
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
 While labouring up the hill.
- DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 177. 8 & 7. *Drummond*. [\*]*Safety and Happiness of Zion*. Isa. xxxiii, 20, 21.

1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!

e He whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode:

g On the rock of ages founded—  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

o 2 See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:

e Who can faint, while such a river,  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?

—Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear!

For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from their banner,  
Light by night, and shade by day;

Safe they feed upon the manna,  
Which he gives them when they pray. **NEWTON**.

HYMN 178. L. M. *Blendon*. [\*]*God the Defence of Zion*. Ezek. xlvi, 35.

1 **A**S birds their infant brood protect,  
And spread their wings to shelter them;  
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,

d "So will I guard Jerusalem."

e 2 And what then is Jerusalem,  
This darling object of his care?  
Where is its worth in God's esteem?

a Who built it?—Who inhabits there?

—3 Jehovah founded it in blood,  
The blood of his incarnate Son;  
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,  
The sinners, whom he calls his own.

4 There, tho' besieg'd on every side,  
Yet much belov'd, and guarded well;



- o From age to age they have defid  
The utmost force of earth and hell.
- e 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,  
o This city has a sure defence ;  
d Her name is call'd, "THE LORD IS THERE ;"  
e And who has power to drive Him thence ?

COWPER.

HYMN 179. 8 & 7. *Drummond*. [\*]*Future Peace and Glory of Zion.* Isa. lx, 15, 20.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,  
e "O my people, faint and few ;  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
o Fair abodes I build for you :  
—Scenes of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways :  
d You shall name your walls SALVATION,—  
— And your gates shall all be praise."
- b 2 There like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures, without end, shall flow ;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow :  
Still in undisturb'd possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression—  
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your sons declining,  
Waning moons no more shall see ;  
But, your griefs forever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me.
- o God will rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
g He the Lord will be your glory,  
God your everlasting light.

COWPER.

HYMN 180. L. M. *Worship*. [b]*Prayer for Zion.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,  
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?  
While feeble mortals raise their cries,  
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear ?
- e 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,  
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise ;



- 
- Till thy own power shall stand confess'd,  
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- c 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd,  
Here in thy sacred temple wait:  
—For this we lift our voices loud,  
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.
- e 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,  
And view the desolations round;  
e See what wide realms in darkness lie,  
—And hurl their idols to the ground.
- o 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,  
And call the nations from afar;  
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,  
And earth's remotest ends draw near. DODDRIDGE.
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HYMN 181. L. M. *Blendon*. [b\*]

*Prayer for Zion's Increase.* Isa. li, 9.

- d 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake!  
Put on thy strength—the nations shake!  
—And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,  
d “I am Jehovah—God alone!”  
—Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.
- e 3 No more let human blood be spilt—  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!  
But to each conscience be applied  
e The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- o 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend,  
Let Mahomet's impostures end;  
Break superstition's Papal chain,  
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- o 5 Let Zion's time of favour come;  
O bring the tribes of Israel home:  
And let our wondering eyes behold,  
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.
- g 6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,  
In every land of every name;  
Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL. MISS. COL.

HYMN 182. L. M. *Leeds.* [\*]*Longing for the promised Spread of the Gospel.* Dan. ii, 45.

1 **E**XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,  
e Insulted—everlasting King !

—The influence of thy crown increase,  
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

e 2 We long to see that happy time,  
That dear, expected, blessed day !

o When countless myriads of our race  
The second Adam shall obey.

—3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,  
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose ;  
The ~~STONE~~ cut from the mountain's side,  
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the blended Image fall,  
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay ;  
And superstition's gloomy reign,  
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,  
o Gentile and Jew shall then unite ;  
And Infidelity asham'd,  
Sink in the abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons,  
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,  
To celebrate, in different tongues,  
The glories of redeeming grace.

g 7 From east to west, from north to south,  
Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend ;

—And every man, in every face,  
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

VOKE.

HYMN 183. C. M. *Mitcham.* [\*]*Prayer for the Success of Missions.* Ps. lxxii, 7, 8.

1 **L**ORD, send thy word, and let it fly,  
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power ;

o Ten thousand shall confess its sway,  
And bless the saving hour.

o 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,  
The barren wastes shall rise,

With sudden greens, and fruits array'd—

g A blooming Paradise.

- 
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root,  
 In each regen'rate heart ;  
 Shall in a growth divine arise,  
 And heav'nly fruits impart.
- e 4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch  
 Her wings from shore to shore ;  
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,  
 Nor murd'rous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days  
 Are in thy word foretold ;
- o Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring  
 This promis'd age of gold.
- e 6 Amen—with joy divine, let earth's  
 Unnumber'd myriads cry ;
- g Amen—with joy divine, let heav'n's  
 Unnumber'd choirs reply.

GIBBONS.

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### HYMN 184. C. M. *Canterbury*. [\*]

*Prayer for Missionaries.*

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth  
 Are by creation thine ;  
 And in thy works, by all beheld,  
 Thy radiant glories shine.
- o 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
 Thy gospel to mankind ;  
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- g 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread --  
 The spacious earth around ;  
 Till every tribe and every soul  
 Shall hear the joyful sound.
- p 4 O when shall *Afric's* sable sons  
 Enjoy the heavenly word ?  
 And vassals long enslav'd become  
 The freemen of the Lord !
- e 5 When shall th' untutor'd *Heathen* tribes,  
 A dark bewilder'd race,  
 Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,  
 And learn and see his grace ?
- 6 Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform  
 Their cruelty to love :  
 Soften the tiger to the lamb,  
 The vulture to a dove.

- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt,  
To spread the gospel's rays !  
g And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,  
The temples of thy praise. RIPPON.
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HYMN 185. 10s. *Walthworth.* [\*]*Prayer for the Latter Day Glory.*

- 1 **L**ORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,  
Thy children's voice, in tender mercy hear,  
Bear thy blest promise, fix'd as hills, in mind,  
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind :  
O let thy Spirit like soft dews descend ;  
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,  
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand ;  
From earth's far region's Jacob's sons restore,  
Oppress'd by man, and scourg'd by thee, no more :  
Enrich'd with gold, adorn'd with heavenly grace,  
Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise
- 3 Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,  
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire,  
The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround,  
Mohammed's empire tumble to the ground ;  
The dreams of Infidels in smoke decay,  
And all the foes of heaven shall fleet away.
- 4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring,  
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring ;  
The savage mind with sweet affection warm,  
And light and love the yielding bosom charm :  
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,  
And grace and goodness, show'r from balmy skies.
- 5 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,  
Then happy nations in a day be born ;  
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,  
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son :  
Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,  
And o'er all regions beam the Gospel's light.
- 6 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine ;  
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine ;  
Their souls improve, their songs more grateful rise,  
And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies :  
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,  
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea. DWIGHT.



HYMN 186. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [\*]*Zion exalted above the Hills.* Isa. xxii, 4.

- 1 **O**'ER mountain tops the mount of God,  
In latter days shall rise—  
Above the summit of the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- o 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow;  
Up to the mount of God, they say,  
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beamr that shine from Zion's hill,  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,  
Shall the whole world command.
- e 4 Among the nations he shall judge,  
His judgments truth shall guide;  
o His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And crush the sinner's pride.
- e 5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years;  
—To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- o 6 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,  
And worship at his shrine;  
g And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

HYMN 187. L. M. *Castle Street.* [\*]*Millennium.* Isa. xi, 5—9. Rev. xx, 4—10.

- 1 **L**OOK up, my soul, with glad surprise,  
Towards the joyful, coming day;  
When Jesus shall descend the skies,  
And form a bright, a glorious day.
- o 2 Nations shall in a day be born,  
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;  
—The saints shall know no clouds return,  
Nor sorrows mingled with their joy.
- b 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed  
Together, in his peaceful reign;  
—And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,  
Of pinching wants no more complain.



- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,  
Shall boast their sev'ral rights no more ;  
o But join in sweetest harmony,  
Their Lord, their Sov'reign to adore.  
—5 Thus, till a thousand years are pass'd,  
And Satan must be loos'd again ;  
Short is the time his reign shall last,  
a Ere he's confin'd in endless pain.  
o 6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,  
Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone ;  
s Angels at God's command shall fly,  
To bless them with a conqueror's crown. ANON.

HYMN 188. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [\*]*Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **W**ITH my substance I will honour  
My Redeemer and my Lord ;  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to his word.  
o 2 While the heralds of salvation  
His abounding grace proclaim ;  
Let his friends of every station,  
Gladly join to spread his fame.  
—3 May his kingdom be promoted,  
May the world the Saviour know ;  
Be my all to him devoted,  
To my Lord my all I owe.  
o 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;  
Praise him all ye hosts above ;  
s Shout with joyful acclamations,  
His divine—victorious love. FRANCIS.

HYMN 189. S. M. *Newton.* [\*]*Charitable Collection.* 1 Chron. xxix, 14.

- 1 **T**HY bounties, gracious Lord,  
With gratitude we own ;  
We praise thy providential grace,  
That showers its blessings down.  
o 2 With joy the people bring  
Their offerings round thy throne ,  
With thankful souls, behold, we pay  
A tribute of thine own.  
e 3 Accept this humble mite,  
Great sovereign Lord of all ;  
Nor let our num'rous mingling sins  
The sacred ointment spoil

- 
- 4 Let the Redeemer's blood  
Diffuse its virtue's wide :  
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,  
And all our follies hide.
- e 5 O may this sacrifice  
To thee the Lord ascend,  
—An odour of a sweet perfume,  
Presented by his hand.
- o 6 Well pleas'd our God shall view  
The products of his grace ;  
And, in a plentiful reward,  
Fulfil his promises.

SCOTT

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HYMN 190. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [\*]

*The Good Samaritan.* Luke x, 30—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.
- b 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know ;  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' wo.
- e 3 When the most helpless sons of grief,  
In low distress are laid ;  
p Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
o And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,  
When thron'd above the skies ;  
And midst the embraces of thy love,  
He felt compassion rise.
- o 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
To raise us from the ground ;  
e And gave the richest of his blood,  
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

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HYMN 191. C. M. *Devizes.* [\*]

*Nature and Fruits of Charity.*

- 1 **O** CHARITY, thou heav'nly grace !  
All tender, soft and kind !  
A friend to all the human race,  
To all that's good inclin'd !

- 2 The man of charity extends  
To all his lib'ral hand ;  
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends  
His pity may command.
- e 3 He aids the poor in their distress ;  
He hears when they complain ;  
With tender heart delights to bless,  
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,  
And all the sons of grief,  
In him a benefactor find—  
He loves to give relief.
- o 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;  
'Tis love that makes us rise,  
With willing minds and ardent feet,  
To yonder happy skies.
- 6 Then let us all in love abound,  
And charity pursue ;
- o Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,  
e And love as angels do. PROUD.

HYMN 192. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [\*]*Relieving Christ in his Members.* Matt. xxv, 40.

- e 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !  
Thy bounties ! how complete !  
How shall I count the matchless sum ?  
How pay the mighty debt ?
- g 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine ;
- e What can my poverty bestow—  
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below ;  
The partners of thy grace ;  
And wilt confess their humble names,  
Before thy Father's face.
- e 4 In them thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd,  
And in their accents of distress,  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,  
I, in the poor would see ;  
O rather let me beg my bread,  
Than hold it back from thee. DODDRIDGE.

## HYMN 193. 8 &amp; 7. [\*]

*A Charity Hymn.*

- 1 **L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,  
Thou, in glory, unconfin'd,  
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling,  
With the poor of humble mind.
- 2 As thy love thro' all creation,  
Beams like thy diffusive light,  
So the scorn'd and humble station,  
Shrinks before thine equal sight.
- 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,  
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue ;  
Who, the lot of all deciding,  
To thy chosen Israel sung :—
- 4 “ When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,  
“ Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind,  
“ To the poor belongs the treasure  
“ Of the scatter'd ears behind.”

## CHORUS.

- “ These thy God ordains to bless,  
“ The widow and the fatherless.”
- 5 “ When thine olive plants increasing,  
“ Pour their plenty o'er thy plain ;  
“ Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,  
“ But not search the bough again.”
- CHORUS.—“ These, &c.”

- 6 “ When thy favour'd vintage flowing,  
“ Gladdens thy autumnal scene ;  
“ Own the bounteous hand bestowing,  
“ But thy vines the poor shall glean.”
- CHORUS.—“ These, &c.”

- 7 Still we read thy word declaring  
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;  
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,  
Warms the heart resembling thee.

- 8 Still the orphan and the stranger,  
Still the widow owns thy care ;  
Screen'd by thee in every danger,  
Heard by thee in every prayer.

HYMN 194. L. M. *Sicilian*. [\*]*Meeting of Christian Friends.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- o 2 To you and us by grace is giv'n,  
To know the Saviour's precious name ;  
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good spirit from above ;  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each earthly theme,  
When christians see each other thus ;
- e We only wish to speak of HIM,  
a Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.
- e 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
- o And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet—to part no more.

NEWTON.

HYMN 195. S. M. *Bingham*. [\*]*Parting of Christian Friends.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- e 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;
- e And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.



- e 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
—But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- o 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
g. And perfect love and friendship reign,  
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 196. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's. [\*]*  
*A Marriage Hymn.*

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear  
To grace a marriage feast,  
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,  
To make a wedding guest.
- e 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands ;  
Their union with thy favour crown,  
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best ;  
Their substance bless and peace bestow,  
To sweeten all the rest.
- e 4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they with christian care,  
May make domestic burthens light,  
By taking mutual share.
- 5 As Isaac and Rebecca gave  
A pattern chaste and kind ;  
So may this married couple live,  
e And die in friendship join'd.
- 6 And when that solemn hour shall come,  
And life's short space be o'er ;  
o May they in triumph reach that home,  
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 197. 8 & 7. *Sicilian. [\*]*  
*A Marriage Hymn.*

- 1 **(C**OME, thou condescending Jesus !  
Thou hast blest a marriage feast ;

- Come, and with thy presence bless us,  
Deign to be an honour'd guest.
- 2 Once at Cana's happy village,  
Thou didst heavenly joy impart;  
Though unseen, may thy blest image  
Be inscrib'd on ev'ry heart.)
- e 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing  
On the happy pair to rest;  
- May thy goodness, never ceasing,  
Make them now and ever blest.
- 4 Thou can'st change the course of nature,  
Turning water into wine;  
e But we ask a greater favour—  
May they be forever thine.
- 5 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,  
Thine by free and sov'reign grace;  
May they, in each word and action,  
Do thy will and speak thy praise.
- 6 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,  
Fill their basket and their store;  
Give them, with their health and plenty  
Hearts thy goodness to adore.
- e 7 Often from their happy dwelling,  
May the voice of prayer ascend,  
For thy mercies still increasing,  
To their best, their kindest FRIEND.
- 8 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,  
Storms are thick and dangers nigh;  
O may constant pure devotion,  
Guide them safe to realms on high.
- e 9 When by death's cold hand divided,  
Which dissolves the tenderest ties;  
—By thy grace again united,  
May they in thy image rise.
- o 10 Come, thou condescending Jesus,  
Fill our hearts with songs of praise;  
Come and with thy presence bless us,  
Make us subjects of thy grace. CODMAN'S COL.

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HYMN 198. L. M. *Green's*. [\*]

*A Family Hymn.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace,

- From thee they sprung, and by thy hand  
 - Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- e 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
 Be our domestic altars rais'd ;  
 Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to dwell  
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united House,  
 Morning and night, present its vows ;  
 Our servants here, and rising race,  
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- o 4 O may each future age proclaim  
 The honours of thy glorious name ;
- g While pleased, and thankful, we remove  
 To join the family above. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 199. L. M. *Portugal.* [\*]*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- e 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew !  
 Scatter my sins like morning dew ;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my powers, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- o 4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise him all creatures here below :  
 Praise him above, angelic host ;—
- g Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KENN

HYMN 200. 7s. *Pleyel's.* [\*]*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone ;  
 Now the morning light is come ;  
 Lord, may we be thine to-day,  
 Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
 Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight ;  
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
 Help us labour, help us pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out, and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us then at last !

• Night of sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore. HART. COL.

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HYMN 201. L. M. *Worship. Sicilian.* [\*]

*An Evening Hymn.*

1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed :  
Teach me to die, that so I may,  
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close :  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest ;  
No powers of darkness me molest,

6 Praise God from whence all blessings flow ;  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KENN

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HYMN 202. 8s. *Bethany.* [\*]

*An Evening Hymn.*

1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of Prayer,  
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine ;  
My all to thy covenant care,  
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

- o 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me ;  
And fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- e 3 A sov'reign Protector I have,  
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 From evil secure, and its dread ;  
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh ;  
And songs his kind presence indeed,  
Shall in the night season supply.
- o 5 His smiles and his comforts abound,  
His grace as the dew shall descend ;
- o And wells of salvation surround,  
The soul he delights to defend.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 203. C. M. *Barby.* [\*]*A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **O**N thee, each morning, O my God,  
My waking thoughts attend ;  
In whom are founded all my hopes,  
In whom my wishes end.
- e 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys ;  
—And fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares  
The sacrifice of praise.
- e 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,  
With thy protection blest ;
- b In peace and safety I commit  
My weary limbs to rest.
- o 4 My spirit in thy hands secure,  
Fears no approaching ill ;  
For whether waking, or asleep,  
Thou, Lord, art with me still.
- o 5 Then will I daily to the world  
Thy wondrous acts proclaim ;  
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,  
And bless the Sacred Name.
- e 6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still  
Thy growing work pursue ;
- s And thee alone will praise, to whom  
Eternal praise is due.

LIV. COL.



HYMN 204. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [\*]

*Daily Duties. Dependence and Enjoyment. Rom.*  
xiv, 8.—*Morning or Evening.*

1 **W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies  
The morning light salutes my eyes,

O Sun of Righteousness divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine;  
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When, to heaven's great and glorious King,  
My morning sacrifice I bring;  
And mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name:  
'Then, JESUS, sprinkle with thy blood,  
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials and its cares;  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be thou my counsellor and friend:  
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,  
And be thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,  
And languor settles at the heart;  
When on my bed, diseas'd, oppress'd,  
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;  
O great Physician! see my grief,  
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow  
Lay all my worldly comforts low;  
And neither help, nor hope appear,  
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;  
Lord, pity, and supply my need,  
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour  
Its various blessings in my store;  
O keep me from the ills, that wait  
On such a seeming prosperous state;  
From hurtful passions set me free,  
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly bless'd,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;

And as each morning sun shall rise,  
 O lead me onward to the skies.  
 8 And at my life's last setting sun,  
 My conflicts o'er, my labours done,  
 Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,  
 To cheer and bless my dying bed :  
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
 "To see thy face, and sing thy praise."

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HYMN 205. C. M. *Barby. St. Ann's.* [\* b]

*Religion the One Thing needful.*

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern,  
 Of mortals here below ;  
 May I its great importance learn,  
 Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,  
 Or aught the world bestows ;  
 Not reputation, food, or health,  
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart by grace renew'd,  
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
 His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
 Be joined with godly fear ;  
 And all my conversation prove  
 My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
 Through my remaining days ;  
 And in me let each virtue shine,  
 To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let liv ly hope my soul inspire ;  
 Let warm affections rise ;  
 And may I wait with strong desire,  
 To mount above the skies.

FAWCETT

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HYMN 206. C. M. *Devizes.* [\*]

*Spring.*

- 1 **W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,  
 And blossoms deck the spray ;

- 
- And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
 How sweet the vernal day !
- e 2 Hark ! how the feather'd warblers sing !  
 — 'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
- e Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
 o And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 How kind the influence of the skies !  
 The showers, with blessings fraught,  
 Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,  
 And fix the roving thought.
- e 4 Then let my wondering heart confess,  
 With gratitude and love,  
 The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless  
 The garden, field, and grove.
- ; 5 That bounteous Hand my thoughts adore,  
 Beyond expression kind,  
 Hath better, nobler gifts in store,  
 To bless the craving mind.
- e 6 O God of nature and of grace,  
 Thy heavenly gifts impart ;  
 — Then shall my meditation trace  
 Spring, blooming in my heart.
- o 7 Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
 Glad nature's cheerful song ;
- s And love and gratitude divine  
 Attune my joyful song.

STEELE.

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HYMN 207. 8s. *Uxbridge.* [\*]

*Spring.*

- 1 **H**OW sweetly along the gay mead,  
 The daisies and cowslips are seen !  
 The flocks as they carelessly feed,  
 Rejoice in the beautiful green !
- 2 The vines that encircle the bowers,  
 The herbage that springs from the sod,—  
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,  
 All rise to the praise of my God.
- e 3 Shall man the great master of all,  
 The only insensible prove ?
- d Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—  
 Forbid it, devotion and love.
- g 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,  
 And still can destroy with a nod,

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My lips shall incessantly praise—  
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

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HYMN 208. C. M. *Doxology.* [\*]

*Summer : A Harvest Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers :  
He calls—and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.
- g 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,  
My tongue, his goodness sing ;  
Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.
- o 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop ;  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.
- e 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness ;  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,  
The ripening harvest bless.
- o 5 Then in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop ;  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sow'd in hope.

RIPPON

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HYMN 209. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]

*Prayer for Rain.*

- 1 **N**OW may the Lord of earth and skies  
Regard us when we call ;  
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise  
And showers abundant fall.
- 2 On thee, our God, we all depend,  
For life, and health, and food ?
- O make refreshing showers descend,  
And crown the year with good.
- 3 The evil and the just partake,  
These bounties of thy hand ;  
Nor will a God of love forsake,  
This long indulged land.
- 4 Let grace come down, like copious rains,  
On Zion's drooping field ?  
So shall our souls revive again,  
And fruit abundant yield.

- o 5 Then smiling nature shall express  
 Her mighty Maker's praise ;  
 And we, the children of thy grace,  
 Join her harmonious lays. BURDER'S COL.

HYMN 210. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [\* b]*Autumn.*

- 1 **S**EE how brown autumn spreads the field,  
 Mark—how the whitening hills are turn'd !  
 Behold them to the reapers yield,—  
 The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burn'd.
- e 2 Thus the great Judge with glory crown'd  
 Descends to reap the ripen'd earth ;
- g Angelic guards attend him down,  
 The same who sang his humble birth.
- 3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
- d “ Go search around the flaming world ;  
 “ Haste—call my saints to rise, and take  
 “ The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.
- 4 “ Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,  
 “ In flames, unquench'd consume each tare ;  
 “ Sinners must feel my holy ire,  
 “ And sink in guilt—to deep despair.”
- a 5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth :—  
 —Angels obey the awful voice ;
- d They save the wheat—they burn the chaff ;—
- g All heaven approves the sov'reign choice.

HYMN 211. C. M. *Hymn 2.* [b \*]*Winter.*

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,  
 Encircling nature round ;
- p How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
 Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- e 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
 And light and warmth depart ;  
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns  
 In night's dark mantle clad ;
- p Confin'd in cold inactive chains—  
 How desolate and sad !



- 
- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring  
 Thy soul reviving ray ;  
 This mental winter shall be spring,  
 This darkness cheerful day.
- o 5 O happy state—divine abode,  
 Where spring eternal reigns  
 And perfect day, the smile of God,  
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- g 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
 My drooping joys restore ;  
 And guide me to the seats of day,  
 Where winters frown no more.
- 

HYMN 212. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b\*]

*Swiftness of Time. New Year.*

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bound,  
 Of the revolving year ;
- e How swift the weeks complete their round !  
 How short the months appear.
- d 2 So fast eternity comes on—  
 And that important day,  
 When all that mortal life hath done,  
 God's judgment shall survey.
- e 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass  
 The swift revolving year ;  
 And study artful ways t' increase  
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,  
 Its great concerns to see ;  
 That I may act the Christian part,  
 And give the year to thee.
- o 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
 If future years arise ;  
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul  
 To joy beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

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HYMN 213. L. M. *Castle Street.* [\*]

*Help obtained of God. New Year.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
 By which supported still we stand !  
 The opening year thy mercy shews ;  
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

- e 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future—all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- e 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
- g Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 214. 10 & 11. *Walworth.* [\*]*Goodness of God. New Year.*

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring  
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing ;  
The opening year his graces shall proclaim,  
And all its days be vocal with his name ;  
The Lord is good—his mercy never ending ;  
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills :  
Ye seraphs bright, on ever blooming hills,  
His honours sound ; you to whom good alone,  
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known :  
Through your immortal life, with love increasing,  
Proclaim your Maker's goodness—never ceasing.
- 3 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,  
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil and wine.  
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,  
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet ;  
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,  
Which through each heart diffuses ev'ry blessing.
- e 4 Zion, enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,  
Blest with the rays of thine EMMANUEL's face—  
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,  
Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his sight,
- o In sacred strains, exalt that grace excelling,  
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

- 5 His mercy never ends—the dawn, the shade  
Still see new beauties thro' new scenes display'd;  
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,  
And children lean upon their father's God.  
e The deathless soul through its immense duration,  
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- s 6 Burst into praise, my soul, all nature join;  
Angels and men, in harmony combine:  
e While human years are measur'd by the sun,  
And while ETERNITY its course shall run—  
g His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,  
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.
- DODDRIDGE

### HYMN 215. C. M. *Sunday*. [\*]

*Close of the Year.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high;  
o Awake and praise that sovereign love  
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;  
o Then welcome, each declining day!  
Welcome, each closing year!
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise;  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd,  
To our admiring eyes.
- o 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,  
e Ye mortal powers decay;  
—Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
o Ye bring eternal day.
- DODDRIDGE.

### HYMN 216. L. M. *Carthage* [b]

*Importance of Time.*

- e 1 **O** TIME, how few thy value weigh.  
How few will estimate a day!
- e Days, months, and years, are rolling on,  
a The soul neglected—and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,  
Our life its precious hours destroys;  
Whilst death stands watching at our side,  
Eager to stop the living tide.

- c 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
Your Maker gave you here a place?  
Was it for this his thoughts design'd  
The frame of your immortal mind?
- d 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashion'd all the sons of time;  
Pilgrims on earth; but soon to be—  
The heirs of immortality.
- 5 This season of your being, know,  
Is given to you your seeds to sow;  
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,  
In future worlds, is bliss, and pain.
- e 6 Then let me every day review,  
Idle or busy, search it through;  
And whilst probation's minutes last,  
Let ev'ry day amend the past. SCOTT.
- 

HYMN 217. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]*Serious prospect of Eternity.*

- e 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,  
p 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand—  
Yet how insensible!
- A point of time—a moment's space—  
o Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
e Or—shuts me up in hell!
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply in my thoughtless heart,  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me, ere it be too late—  
o Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day;  
When thou with clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar;—  
e And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure!  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure!



- o 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live,  
And reign with thee above;  
g Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope, in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 218. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [\*]*Eternity joyfully anticipated.*

- 1 **I**N this world of sin and sorrow,  
Compass'd round with many a care,  
From eternity we borrow  
Hope that can exclude despair.  
2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,  
In the glass of faith we see!  
O assist each faint endeavour!  
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.  
e 3 Place that awful scene before us,  
Of the last tremendous day,—  
—When to life thou wilt restore us:  
o Lingering ages haste away.  
4 When this vile and sinful nature  
Incorruption shall put on:  
—Life renewing, glorious Saviour,  
Let thy glorious will be done.

MADAN'S COL

HYMN 219. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]*Of Age approaching.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, enthron'd on high  
Whom angel hosts adore;  
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,  
Thy presence I implore.  
2 O guide me down the steep of age,  
And keep my passions cool:  
Teach me to scan the sacred page,  
And practise every rule.  
3 My flying years time urges on,  
What's human must decay;  
e My friends, my young companions gone—  
Can I expect to stay?  
e 4 Can I exemption plead, when death  
Projects his awful dart?



Can med'cines then prolong my breath,  
Or virtue shield my heart?

—5 Ah, no!—then smooth the mortal hour;  
On thee my hope depends:

Support me with almighty pow'r,  
While dust to dust descends.

o 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!,  
(While angels join the lay,)  
Admitted to the blest abode,  
Its endless anthems pay:—

o 7 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,  
Thy matchless love proclaim;

g And join the choir of saints, who sound  
Their great Redeemer's name. RIPPON'S COL.

### HYMN 220. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

*Warning to prepare for Death.*

1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—  
Repent!—thy end is nigh!

Death, at the farthest, can't be far,  
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:  
Thy sins—how high they mount!

What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defence:  
His time, there's none can tell:

He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume;

But, ah! destruction stops not there—  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,  
Sinners, it speaks to you:

Let ev'ry one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue.

HART.

### HYMN 221. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

*Death and Judgment appointed to All.* Heb. ix, 27.

1 **H**EAV'N has confirm'd the dread decree,  
That Adam's race must die:

- One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down—  
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,  
Where you must shortly dwell ;
- e Hark ! how the awful summons sounds,  
In ev'ry funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die—and once for all ;  
The solemn purport weigh :  
For know, that heav'n or hell are hung,  
On that important day !
- 4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,  
Must wake the Judge to see ;  
And ev'ry word—and ev'ry thought—  
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold  
My Saviour and my Friend ;
- o And, far beyond the reach of death,  
With all his saints ascend. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 222. L. M. *Islington.* [\*]

*Desiring to depart and be with Christ.* Phil. i, 23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
And view the scenes on either hand,  
My spirit struggles with my clay ;  
And longs to wing its flight away.
- o 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;  
—Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,  
Source of my joys and of your own.
- e 3 The blissful interview, how sweet,  
To fall transported at his feet ;
- o Rais'd in his arms to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace.
- 4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;  
For, while thy service I pursue,  
I find my heaven begun below. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 223. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [b \*]

*Death welcomed : Heaven anticipated.*

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint and die ;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vail,  
And soar to worlds on high :—

- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long sought rest,  
(That only bliss for which it pants,)  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- o 3 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain ;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I suffer on my threescore years,  
Till my Deliv'rer come ;  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.
- e 5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me !  
Before my ravish'd eyes,  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise.
- o 6 I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there ;
- o They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.
- 7 O what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet,  
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet !
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life and friends away ;  
But let me find them all again,  
In that eternal day.

HYMN 224. L. M. *Carthage.* [b\*]*Death of the Sinner and Saint.*

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread  
Await the sinner's dying bed !  
Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
Presages of eternal night !
- e 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,  
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;  
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,  
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;  
Where'er he turns he finds no rest :
- o Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries—  
And, in despair and horror—dies.

- 
- 4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss :  
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;  
 A steady faith subdues his fear ;  
 He sees the happy Canaan near.
- b 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,  
 No terrors in his looks are seen ;  
 His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,  
 And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord make my faith and love sincere,  
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;  
 And when the toils of life are past,  
 May I be found in peace at last. FAWCETT.
- 

HYMN 225. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [\*]

*Infants, living or dying, in the Arms of Christ*

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,  
 With transport all divine ;  
 Thine image trace in ev'ry word,  
 Thy love in ev'ry line.
- 2 With joy I see a thousand charms,  
 Spread o'er thy lovely face ;  
 While infants in thy tender arms,  
 Receive the smiling grace.
- d 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,  
 "And lay them in my breast ;  
 "Protection they shall find in me—  
 "In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,  
 "But can't dissolve my love ;  
 "Millions of infant souls compose  
 "The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,  
 "And mould with heav'nly skill :  
 "I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
 "And hands to do my will."
- o 6 His words, ye happy parents, hear,  
 And shout, with joys divine,
- d Dear Saviour, all we have and are,  
 Shall be forever thine. STENNETT.
- 

HYMN 226. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b\*]

*On the Death of Children. Isa. iv, 5.*

- 1 **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming tears  
 Flow o'er your children dead.

- Say not in transports of despair,  
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie ;  
Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view,  
A heavenly Parent nigh.
- e 3 Tho', your young branches torn away,  
Like wither'd trunks ye stand ;  
o With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.
- d 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,  
"In my own house a place ;  
"No name of daughters and of sons,  
"Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is every hope  
"A rising race can give ;  
"In endless honour and delight,  
" *My children* all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord. those rising tears,  
Thro' which thy face we see ;  
o And bless those wounds which, thro' our hearts,  
Prepare a way to thee. DODDRIDGE.
- 

HYMN 227. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [\*]*Death of a Young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth, imprest  
e With awful power—I too must die—  
Sink deep in every breast.
- e 3 Let this vain world engage no more :  
Behold the gaping tomb !  
—It bids us seize the present hour !  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey ;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.



- o 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
 Whose powerful arm can save ;  
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
 With cleansing, healing power ;  
 This only can prepare the heart  
 For death's surprising hour. STEELE.

HYMN 228. C. M. *Zion.* [\*]*Death of Pious Friends.* 1 Thess. iv, 13, 14.

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, christians, when your friends  
 In Jesus fall asleep ;  
 Their better being never ends ;  
 Then why dejected weep ?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those  
 To whom no hope is given ?  
 Death is the messenger of peace,  
 And calls the soul to heav'n.
- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again,  
 Victorious from the dead ;
- o So his disciples rise and reign,  
 With their triumphant head.
- e 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds  
 Christ shall with shouts descend ;
- g And the last trumpet's awful voice  
 The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 5 Then they who live shall changed be,  
 And they who sleep shall wake ;
- o The graves, shall yield their ancient charge ;  
 And earth's foundation shake.
- o 6 The saints of God, from death set free,  
 With joy shall mount on high ;
- The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,  
 Shall meet them in the sky.
- 7 A few short years of evil past,  
 We reach the happy shore ;
- o Where death-divided friends, at last,  
 Shall meet to part no more. SCOTCH PAR.

HYMN 229. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [b\*]*The Christian's Farewell.*

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
 With all your feeble light ;  
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
 Pale empress of the night.

- 
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames array'd;  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere  
No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode;  
The pavement of those heavenly courts,  
Where I shall see my God.
- o 4 The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix,  
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief,  
Shall swell into my eyes;  
Nor the meridian sun decline,  
Amidst those brighter skies.
- g 6 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite;  
And each the bliss of all shall view,  
With infinite delight.
- DODDRIDGE.
- 

HYMN 230. 8s. *Consolation.* [\*]

*Death Gain to a Believer.*

- 1 **H**OW blest is our friend—now bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind!  
How easy his soul—that has left  
This wearisome body behind?  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see;  
No longer in misery now—  
No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This *earth* is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain;  
The war with the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again.  
No anger henceforward, nor shame,  
Shall redden his innocent clay;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
This quiet immoveable breast,  
Is heav'd by affliction no more.

This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain ;  
It ceases to flutter and beat—  
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Sealed up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep.  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
These hollows from water are free ;  
The tears are all wip'd from those eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe ;  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death.  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
Oh, shall I not ere long become,  
My spirit created anew—

My body consign'd to the tomb !      WHITEFIELD.

HYMN 231. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b\*]

*A Funeral Hymn.*

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pair, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

e 3 So Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son  
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed ;  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

o 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
Attend, O earth ! his sov'reign word ;

o Restore thy trust—a glorious form—  
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

WATTS.

HYMN 232. C. M. *Sunday.* [\*]

*The Resurrection.* 1 Cor. xv, 52—58.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake—

When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,  
And dust to life awake ;—

- o 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,  
Shall incorrupted rise ;  
And mortal forms shall spring to life,  
Immortal in the skies.

—3 Behold, what heav'nly prophets sung,  
Is now at last fulfill'd—

- o That death should yield his ancient reign,  
And, vanquish'd quit the field.

- o 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And thus begin to sing ;

- d “ Oh grave ! where is thy triumph now ?  
And where, O Death ! thy sting !

5 “ Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt ;  
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart ;  
The law gave sin its strength, and force,  
To pierce the sinner's heart.

6 “ But God, whose name be ever blest !  
Disarms that foe we dread ;  
And makes us conqu'rors, when we die,  
Through Christ our living head.”

- 7 (Then steadfast let us still remain,  
Though dangers rise around ;  
And in the work prescrib'd by God,  
Yet more and more abound.

- o 3 Assur'd, that though we labour now,  
We labour not in vain ;  
But through the grace of heav'ns great Lord,  
The eternal crown shall gain.) SCOTCH PAR.

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HYMN 233. C. M. *Arundel*. [\*]

*The Last Tempest.*

- e 1 **W**HEN wild confusion wrecks the air,  
And tempests rend the skies ;  
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire  
In harsh disorder rise ;—

- o 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,  
And strike a tuneful song ;

- e My harp all trembling in my hand,  
o And all inspir'd my tongue.

- d 3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,  
 "And shake the sullen sky;  
 "Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,  
 "In angry murmurs try.
- 4 "Let the earth totter on her base,  
 "And clouds the heavens deform;  
 "Blow, all ye winds, from every place,  
 "And rush the final storm!"
- 5 Come quickly, blessed HOPE, appear—  
 Bid thy swift chariot fly;  
 Let angels tell thy coming near,  
 And snatch me to the sky.
- o 6 Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,  
 I'd bear a joyful part;  
 g All hallelujah on my tongue—  
 All rapture in my heart.

BYLES.

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 HYMN 234. 8, 7, & 4. *Littleton.* [\*]

*Christ coming to Judgment.*

- 1 **L**O, he comes—the King of glory!  
 With his chosen tribes to reign;  
 Countless hosts of saints and angels  
 Swell the mighty conqueror's train;  
 Now in triumph,  
 Sin and death are captive led.
- g 2 See the rocks and mountains rending—  
 All the nations fill'd with dread!
- e Hark! the trump of God—proclaiming  
 Through the mansions of the dead—
- d "Come to judgment—  
 Stand before the Son of Man!"
- 3 Now behold the dead awaking;  
 Great and small before him stand;  
 Not one soul forgot, or missing;  
 None his orders countermand:
- a All stand waiting—  
 For their last decisive doom!
- 4 Hear the Chief among ten thousand  
 Thus address his faithful few;
- d "Come ye blessed of my Father,  
 "Heaven is prepared for you;  
 "I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—  
 "And ye minister'd to me."



- e 5 But how awful is the sentence,  
 d "Go from me, ye cursed race—  
 "To that place of endless torment,  
 "Never more to see my face :  
 "I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—  
 "Ye to me no mercy shew'd."
- 6 Now awake ye slumbering virgins,  
 Trim your lamps ; the bridegroom's near,  
 Let your loins with truth be girded,  
 Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear :  
 Mark ! the fig-tree,  
 Budding, shows the summer's near.
- e 7 Jesus, save a trembling sinner,  
 Though thy wrath o'er sinners roll ;  
 In this general wreck of nature,  
 Be the refuge of my soul :
- d Jesus, save me ! Jesus, save me ! when the light'nings  
 Blaze around from pole to pole.

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HYMN 235. 8, 7, & 4. *Helmsley*. [b\*]

*The Day of Judgment.*

- e 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders !  
 d Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round !
- e How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- g 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !  
 —You who long for his appearing,  
 d Then shall say, "This God is mine."
- e Gracious Saviour,  
 Own me in that day for thine !
- o 3 At his call, the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea,  
 All the powers of nature, shaken  
 By his looks prepare to flee :
- p Careless sinner,  
 What then will become of thee ?
- e 4 Horrors past imagination,  
 Will surprise your trembling heart,  
 When you hear your condemnation,  
 d "Hence, accursed wretch, depart !

- “Thou with Satan  
 “And his angels, have thy part !”
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
 Lov’d and serv’d the Lord below ;  
 d He will say, “Come near, ye blessed,  
 “See the kingdom I bestow :  
 “You forever  
 “Shall my love and glory know.”
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
 May this thought our courage raise :  
 Swiftly God’s great day approaches—  
 Sighs shall then be chang’d to praise :  
 o We shall triumph—  
 g When the world is in a blaze !      NEWTON.

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HYMN 236. C. M. *Mitcham.* [\*]

TE DEUM. *A General Hymn of Praise.*

1 **O** GOD, we praise thee, and confess,  
 That thou the only Lord,  
 And everlasting Father art,  
 By all on earth ador’d.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,  
 To thee the powers on high,  
 Both cherubim, and seraphim,  
 Continually do cry,—

3 “O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 “Whom heavenly hosts obey ;  
 “The world is with the glory fill’d  
 “Of thy majestic sway.”

4 The apostles’ glorious company,  
 And prophets crown’d with light,  
 With all the martyrs’ noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church, throughout the world,  
 O Lord, confesses thee ;  
 That thou eternal Father art,  
 Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honour’d, true, and only Son,  
 And Holy Ghost the spring  
 Of never ceasing joy ; O Christ,  
 Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

HYMN 237. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [\*]*Almighty Power and Majesty of God.*

- u 1 **T**HE Lord our God is clothed with might,  
 The winds obey his will;  
 He speaks and in his heavenly height,  
 The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land  
 With threatening aspect roar!  
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
 And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!  
 Without his high behest,
- p Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
 In distant peals it dies;
- u He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,  
 And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;  
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
- s And bid the choral song ascend  
 To celebrate our God.

H. K. WHITE.

HYMN 238. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]*The Fall and its Effects.*

- p 1 **W**HEN Adam sinned, through all his race  
 The dire contagion spread;—  
 Sickness and death, and deep disgrace  
 Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 From God and happiness we fly,  
 To earth and sense confined;  
 Lost in a maze of misery,  
 Yet to our misery blind.
- 3 Corruption flows through all our veins,  
 Our moral beauty's gone:  
 The gold is fled, the dross remains:  
 O sin, what hast thou done?
- 4 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,  
 And draw our souls to Thee:  
 Thou art the only hiding-place  
 Where ruined souls can flee.

BEDDOME.

HYMN 239. L. M. *Ellenthorpe.* [\*]*Justice glorified in the Display of Mercy.*

- p 1 **O**H love! beyond conception great,  
 That formed the vast stupendous p'

Where all divine perfections meet  
To reconcile rebellious man.

g 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And justice all her right maintains—

p Astonished angels stoop to gaze,  
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,  
In Christ they both harmonious meet;  
He paid to justice all her due,  
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

4 Such are the wonders of our God;  
And such th' amazing depths of grace,  
To save from wrath's vindictive rod  
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

s 5 With grateful songs, then let our souls  
Surround our gracious Father's throne;  
And all between the distant poles  
His truth and mercy ever own.

TUCKER,

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HYMN 240. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [\*]

p 1 **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.—

Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,

o See that glory-beaming star!—

p Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—

o Traveller! yes; it brings the day—  
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
Higher yet that star ascends.—

Traveller! blessedness and light,

e Peace and truth its course portends!—

Watchman! will its beams alone

Gild the spot that gave them birth?—

Traveller! ages are its own,

s See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

p 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.—

Traveller! darkness takes its flight,

Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—

Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;

Hie thee to thy quiet home.—

g Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,

Lo! the Son of God is come.

BOWRING,

HYMN 241. L. M. *Atlantic*. [\*]*Star of Bethlehem.*

- e 1 **W**HEN marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky;  
One star alone of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- o 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- g 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- a 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
- s When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- b 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark foreboding cease;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
- s 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem! H. K. WHITE.

HYMN 242. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn*. [\*]*Song of the Angels at Bethlehem.*

- p 1 **H**ARK, what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
- s Lo! the angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
- g "Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high."
- e 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found.  
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven;—
- u Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth his praises sing!  
O receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King



- s 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;  
 Learn his name, and taste his joy ;  
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
 Glory be to God most high !"

CAWOOD.

HYMN 243. C. M. *Victory.* [\*]*Nativity of Christ. Luke ii, 14.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay :  
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- s 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shining legions ran,  
 And swept the sounding lyre.
- 3 The theme, the song, the joy was new  
 To each angelic tongue :  
 Swift through the realms of light it flew,  
 And loud the echo rung.
- 4 Down, through the portals of the sky,  
 The pealing anthem ran ;  
 And angels flew, with eager joy,  
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And Glory leads the song :  
 Peace and salvation swell the note  
 Of all the heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we repeat—  
 "Glory to God on high !"  
 Good will and peace are now complete ;  
 Jesus is born to die.

MEDLEY.

HYMN 244. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]*Good Tidings of great Joy to all People.*

- o 1 **A**NGELS ! from the realms of glory,  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
 Ye, who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
 Come and worship—  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds ! in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night ;  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant-light :  
 Come, &c.

—3 Sages ! leave your contemplations ;

s Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the Great Desire of nations ;  
Ye have seen his natal star :  
Come, &c.

p 4 Saints ! before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear :  
Come, &c.

5 Sinners ! wrung with true repentance,  
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you—break your chains :  
Come, &c.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 245. P. M. *Mercy*. [\*]

*Epiphany.*

s 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid :  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—  
g Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

b 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

s 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

BISHOP HEBER.

HYMN 246. L. M. *Bowen*. [\*]

*The Teaching of Jesus.*

p 1 **H**OW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,

- When list'ning thousands gather'd round,  
 g And joy and rev'rence filled the place.  
 2 From heav'n he came—of heav'n he spoke,  
 To heav'n he led his followers' way;  
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
 Unveiling an immortal day.  
 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"  
 Yes! sacred Teacher—we will come—  
 Obey thee,—love thee, and be blest!  
 e 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!  
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay!  
 A nobler mansion waits the just,  
 s And Jesus has prepar'd the way. BOWRING.

HYMN 247. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [\*]

*Transfiguration.* Luke ix, 28—31.

- 1 **O**N Tabor's top the Saviour stands,  
 His alter'd face resplendent shines:  
 And while he elevates his hands,  
 Lo, glory marks its gentle lines.  
 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait  
 Upon their suffering Prince below;  
 But while they worship at his feet,  
 They talk of fast-approaching wo.  
 3 Amid the lustre of the scene,  
 To Calvary he turns his eyes:  
 And with submission, all serene,  
 He marks the future tempest rise.  
 o 4 Then let us climb the mount of pray'r,  
 Where all his beaming glories shine:  
 And gazing on his brightness there,  
 Our woes forget in joys divine.  
 5 Oh, that on yonder heav'nly hills,  
 Where now the risen Saviour stands,  
 e And peace, like softest dew, distils—  
 g I too may elevate my hands. COLLYER.

HYMN 248. S. M. *Norwalk.* [b]

*He beheld the City, and wept over it.* Luke xix, 41.

- p 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
 And shall our cheeks be dry?  
 Let floods of penitential grief  
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,  
 Angels with wonder see !  
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul ;  
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep,  
 Each sin demands a tear ;  
 In heav'n alone no sin is found,  
 And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

HYMN 249. L. M. *Windham.* [b]*Gethsemane.*

p 1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,  
 The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;  
 'Tis midnight—in the garden now,  
 The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,  
 Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;  
 E'en the disciple that he lov'd  
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt  
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,  
 Is not forsaken by his God.

g 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,  
 Is borne the song that angels know ;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains,

p That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

TAPPAN.

HYMN 250. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]*Christ's Agony in the Garden.* Matt. xxvi, 38—44.

p 1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground  
 On which the Lord was laid :  
 His sweat like drops of blood ran down,  
 In agony he pray'd—

2 " Father ! remove this bitter cup,  
 If such thy sacred will ;  
 If not, content to drink it up,  
 Thy pleasure I fulfill ! "

—3 Go to the Garden, sinner ! see  
 Those precious drops that flow :  
 The heavy load he bore for thee—  
 For thee, he lies so low !

—4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,  
 Thy Father's will obey ;

And when temptations press thee near,  
Awake, to watch and pray.

HYMN 251. L. M. *Stonefield*. [\* or b]

*"Behold the Man!"*

- e 1 **B**EHOLD the Man! how glorious he!  
Before his foes he stands unaw'd,  
And, without wrong or blasphemy,  
He claims equality with God.
- 2 Behold the Man! by all condemn'd,  
Assaulted by a host of foes;  
His person and his claims contemn'd,  
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the Man! He stands alone,  
His foes are ready to devour;  
Not one of all his friends will own  
Their Master in this trying hour.
- 4 Behold the Man! He knew no sin,  
Yet Justice smites him with her sword:  
He bears the stroke that else had been  
The sinner's portion from the Lord.
- 5 Behold the Man! though scorn'd below,  
He bears the greatest name above;  
The angels at his footstool bow,  
And all his royal claims approve.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

HYMN 252. L. M. *Brentford*. [\*]

*Christ's Passion.*

- 1 **T**HE morning dawns upon the place  
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;  
Through yielding glooms behold his face,  
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those he call'd his own  
Betray'd, forsaken or denied,  
He met his enemies alone,  
In all their malice, rage and pride.
- b 3 Brought forth to judgment, now He stands  
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at Pilate's bar;  
Here spurn'd by fierce prætorian bands,  
There mock'd by Herod's men of war.
- 4 He bears their buffeting and scorn,  
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee,  
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,  
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.



5 Truly this was the Son of God !  
 Though in a servant's mean disguise,  
 And bruised beneath the Father's rod,  
 Not for Himself,—for man He dies. MONTGOMERY.

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HYMN 253. 8s & 7. *Greenville.* [b]

*Rejoicing before the Cross.*

- p 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend ;  
 Life and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie ;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;  
 Constant still, in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
 In all need to Jesus go ;  
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
 And himself more fully know. ROBINSON.

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HYMN 254. 7s. *Telemann's Chant.* [\*]

*The Three Mountains.*

- a 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see  
 God descend in majesty,  
 To proclaim his holy law,  
 p All my spirit sinks with awe.
- g 2 When in ecstasy sublime,  
 Tabor's glorious height I climb,  
 In the too transporting light,  
 p Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on CALVARY I rest,  
 God in flesh made manifest,  
 o Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- p 4 Here I would for ever stay,  
 Weep and gaze my soul away :  
 Thou art heav'n on earth to me,  
 Lovely, mournful Calvary. MONTGOMERY.

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HYMN 255. C. M. *Stephens.* [b]

*"This do in Remembrance of Me."*

- p 1 IF human kindness meets return,  
 And owns the grateful tie ;

If tender thoughts within us burn,  
 To feel a friend is nigh :  
 2 O shall not warmer accents tell  
 The gratitude we owe  
 To him who died, our fears to quell,  
 Our more than orphan's wo !  
 3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd  
 Those pangs he would not flee ;  
 What love his latest words display'd,  
 " Meet and remember me !"  
 4 Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,  
 Our sinful hearts to share !  
 O memory, leave no other name  
 But his recorded there.

NOEL.

HYMN 256. C. M. *York. Mentz.* [b]*" This do in Remembrance of Me."*

e 1 **A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,  
 In meek humility,  
 This will I do, my dying Lord,  
 I will remember Thee.

g 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
 My bread from heaven shall be ;  
 Thy testamental cup I take,  
 And thus remember Thee.

—3 Gethsemane can I forget ?  
 Or there thy conflict see,  
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
 And not remember Thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
 And rest on Calvary,  
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
 I must remember Thee :—

5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains  
 And all thy love to me ;  
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
 Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
 And mind and memory flee,  
 When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
 Jesus, remember me.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 257. 7s. *Sudbury.* [\*]*Resurrection of Christ. Matt. xxviii, 6.*

s 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
 Jesus scatters all its gloom :

Day of triumph through the skies—  
See the glorious Saviour rise.

—2 Christians! dry your flowing tears,  
Chase those unbelieving fears;  
Look on his deserted grave,  
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scatter'd shade:  
Drive your anxious cares away,  
See the place where Jesus lay.

COLLYER.

HYMN 258. L. M. *Arnheim*. [\*]*The Ascension. Acts i, 9.*

s 1 **T**HE mighty Conqu'ror leaves the dead,—  
Jesus the Lord ascends on high;

The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of Glory in.”

g 4 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”

s “The Lord, that all our foes o’ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew;  
Jesus is the conqueror’s name.”

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.”

g 6 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”

s “The Lord, of boundless power possess’d,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever bless’d.”

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 259. H. M. *Haddam*. [\*]*Christ the King of Glory.*

s 1 **G**OD is gone up on high,  
With a triumphant noise:

The anthems of the sky

Proclaim th’ angelic joys!

Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—

Glory ascribe to Glory’s King.

2 God in the flesh below,  
 For us he reigns above :  
 Let all the nations know  
 The Saviour's conqu'ring love !  
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—  
 Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord  
 Is by the Father given :  
 By angel hosts ador'd  
 He reigns supreme in heaven.  
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,—  
 Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

4 Till all the earth renew'd  
 In righteousness divine,  
 With all the hosts of God  
 In one great chorus join,—  
 Join all on earth; rejoice and sing—  
 Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

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HYMN 260. H. M. *Haddam*. [\*]

s 1 COME, every pious heart  
 That loves the Saviour's name,  
 Your noblest power exert  
 To celebrate his fame ;  
 Tell all above, and all below,  
 The debt of love to him you owe.

p 2 He left his starry crown,  
 And laid his robes aside ;  
 On wings of love came down,  
 a And wept, and bled, and died :  
 What he endured, oh, who can tell !  
 To save our souls from death and hell.

s 3 From the dark grave he rose,  
 The mansion of the dead ;  
 u And thence his mighty foes  
 In glorious triumph led ;  
 Up through the sky the conqu'ror rode,  
 And reigns on high the Saviour God.

e 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
 The debt we owe thy love ;  
 Yet tell us how we may  
 Our gratitude approve :  
 Our hearts—our all—to thee we give :  
 The gift though small, do thou receive. STENNETT

HYMN 261. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b or \*]*Fountain.* Zech. xiii, 1.

e 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, as vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

p 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved,—to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be,—till I die.

s 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save;

g When this poor, lisping, falt'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

HYMN 262. C. M. *Stephens.* [\*]*The Atonement of Christ.*

1 **I**N vain we seek for peace with God  
 By methods of our own:  
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood  
 Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law  
 Impress our souls with dread:  
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
 It strikes our spirits dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice,  
 Hath answered these demands,  
 And peace and pardon from the skies  
 Come down by Jesus' hands.

4 Here all the ancient types agree,—  
 The altar and the lamb;  
 And prophets in their visions see  
 Salvation through his name.

5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;  
 'Tis on thy cross we rest;  
 For ever be thy love adored,  
 Thy name for ever blest.

WATTS'S SERMONS.



HYMN 263. C. M. *St. Ann's*. [\*]*Christ a Saviour.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour! oh, what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
e And spreads sweet peace around.
- d 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,  
And doom'd to endless wo.
- 3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,  
Of bliss, a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;  
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall;  
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

STEELE.

HYMN 264. C. M. *Peterboro'*. [\*]*Christ "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."* John xiv, 6.

- 1 **T**HOU art the WAY—to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he, who would the Father seek,—  
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—  
Grant us to know that Way,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Which lead to endless day.

HYMN 265. 7s. *Hotham*. [b]*Christ, the Rock of Ages.*

- p 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone :  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 266. C. M. *Mentz.* [b]*Christ our Example.*

- p 1 **B**EHOLD where, in a mortal form,  
 Appears each grace divine !  
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
 With mildest radiance shine.
- o 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
 To give the mourner joy,  
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
 Was his divine employ.
- p 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
 A friend and servant found,  
 He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,  
 And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
 Patient and meek he stood ;  
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :  
 He labour'd for their good.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,  
 Before his Father's throne,  
 With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,  
 " Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,  
 His image may we bear !  
 Oh may we tread his holy steps,
- o His joy and glory share.

HYMN 267. P. M. *Greenville.* [b]*Christ our Example in Suffering.*

- p 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye who feel the Tempter's power :  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see ;  
 Watch with him one bitter hour :

Turn not from his griefs away ;  
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See him at the judgment-hall,  
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned ;  
See him meekly bearing all !

Love to man his soul sustained !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view ;  
There the Lord of Glory see,  
Made a sacrifice for you,  
Dying on th' accursed tree :  
"It is finished," hear him cry ;  
Trust in Christ and learn to die,

4 Early to the tomb repair,  
Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
Angels kept their vigils there :  
Who hath taken him away ?

"Christ is risen !" he seeks the skies ;  
Saviour ! teach us so to rise. MONTGOMERY,

HYMN 268. C. M. *Woodstock*. [b]

*Christ precious*. 1 Pet. ii, 7.

p 1 **H**OW sweet the name of JESUS sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defil'd ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee, as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath :  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON,

HYMN 269. H. M. *Haddam*. [\*]

- b 1 **J**ESUS, harmonious Name !  
It charms the hosts above :  
They evermore proclaim  
And wonder at his love ;  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze ;  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.
- 2 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free :  
'Tis music in his ears,  
s 'Tis life and victory :  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 3 Stung by the monster sin,  
p My poor expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole :  
See there my Lord upon the tree !  
I hear, I feel, he died for me.
- 4 O unexampled love !  
O all-redeeming grace !  
How swiftly didst thou move  
To save a fallen race !  
What shall I do to make it known  
What thou for all mankind hast done ?
- s 5 O for a trumpet-voice,  
On all the world to call !  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In him who died for all !  
For all my Lord was crucified :  
For all, for all, my Saviour died. *WESLEY'S COL.*

HYMN 270. C. M. *Abridge*. [\*]

*Chief among Ten Thousand ; or the Excellencies of Christ.*

- 1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd  
Upon the Saviour's brow ;  
His head with radiant glories crown'd,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have :
- o He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.

- 3 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
He brings my weary feet ;  
o Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.  
4 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

HYMN 271. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [\*]*The Day of Pentecost.*

- o 1 **L**ET songs of praises fill the sky !  
Christ, our ascended Lord,  
Sends down his Spirit from on high,  
According to his word.  
o 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,  
New life creates within :  
He quickens sinners from the death  
Of trespasses and sin.  
—3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,  
And shows them unto men ;  
The fallen soul his temple makes,  
God's image stamps again.  
s 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
With thy celestial fire :  
Come, and with flames of zeal and love  
Our hearts and tongues inspire. COTTERILL.

HYMN 272. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [\*]

- 1 **H**OLY GHOST ! dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of nature's night :  
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,  
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.  
e 2 Hear, oh ! hear our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit ! God of Peace !  
Rest upon this congregation,  
With th' abundance of thy grace.  
3 Author of our new creation !  
Bid us all thine influence prove :  
Make our souls thy habitation ;  
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

GEO. BURDER'S COL.



HYMN 273. S. M. *Lisbon.* [\*]

- o 1 **B**LEST Comforter Divine!  
 Let rays of heavenly love  
 Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,  
 And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy "still small voice,"  
 From every sinful way;  
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
 Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath  
 Make every cloud of care,  
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
 A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh fill thou every heart  
 With love to all our race!  
 Great Comforter! to us impart  
 These blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 274. L. M. *Alfreton.* [\*]

- o 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above;  
 Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;  
 O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose thy way:  
 Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
 That we must take to dwell with God;  
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
 Nor let us from his precepts stray;—
- s 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
 In his enjoyment to be blest;  
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

BROWNE.

HYMN 275. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [b or \*]*To the Holy Spirit.*

- e 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! God of truth!  
 Our contrite hearts inspire;  
 Kindle the flame of heavenly love,  
 And feed the pure desire.
- p 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind  
 With guilt and fear opprest;  
 'Tis thine to bid the dying live,  
 And give the weary rest.

- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,  
 Whate'er that sin may be ;  
 That we, in singleness of heart,  
 May worship only Thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear,  
 That we are sons of God ;  
 Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,  
 Through Christ's atoning blood.

HYMN 276. C. M. *Arundel*. [\*]*Value of the Scriptures.*

- e 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
 By inspiration given !  
 o Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- e 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
 In this dark vale of tears ;  
 o Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
 And quells our rising fears.
- e 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
 — Of life, shall guide our way,  
 o Till we behold the clearer light  
 Of an eternal day.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 277. C. M. *Dundee*. [b or \*]*The Soul.*

- e 1 **W**HAT is the thing of greatest price,  
 The whole creation round ?  
 —That, which was lost in paradise,  
 That, which in Christ is found.
- 2 The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath !  
 That keeps two worlds at strife ;  
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,  
 Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God to reclaim it, did not spare  
 His well-beloved Son ;  
 Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear  
 The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,  
 In earthly vessels frail ?  
 Can none its utmost value know,  
 Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,  
 This knowledge to obtain,  
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,  
 But everlasting gain.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 278. L. M. *Winchelsea*. [\*]*The Blessings of the New Covenant.*

1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known:  
Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners, of an humble frame,  
May taste his grace, and learn his name;  
May read in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The pris'ner here may break his chains;  
The weary rest from all his pains;  
The captive feel his bondage cease;  
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord!  
To read and mark thy holy word;  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

BEDDOME.

HYMN 279. L. M. *Nazareth*. [b]*Religion. Prov. iv, 7.*

e 1 **T**EACH us, O Lord, the great concern,  
To know thy will, thy name to love;  
Our duty from thy word to learn,  
And gain the wisdom from above.

2 Religion must be all in all,  
Would we th' immortal prize obtain,  
Retrieve the ruins of the fall,  
And 'scape the death of endless pain.

3 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,  
To sanctify and cleanse our heart;  
May we repent, believe, obey,  
And from thy service ne'er depart.

LEE.

HYMN 280. L. M. *Angels' Hymn*. [\*]*Value of Religion.*

1 **R**ELIGION bids all sin depart,  
And folly flies her chast'ning rod;  
She makes the humble, contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.

e 2 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way, and leads the soul.

3 At her approach, the grave appears  
p The gate of paradise restor'd;  
Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
And drops his double flaming sword.

4 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,  
g We shall the crown of glory gain;  
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,  
And reign with God, for ever reign.

MONTGOMERY ALTERED.

HYMN 281. C. M. *Bangor*. [b]

*Frailty of Life.*

p 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of wo,  
O man, of woman born!  
Thy doom is written—"Dust thou art,  
And shalt to dust return!"

2 Determin'd are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head;  
The number'd hour is on the wing,  
Which lays thee with the dead.

3 Gay is thy morning: flatt'ring hope  
Thy sprightly steps attends;  
But soon the tempest howls behind,  
And the dark night descends!

4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud  
Comes o'er the beam of light;  
A pilgrim in a weary land,  
Man tarries but a night.

HYMN 282. S. M. *Olmütz*. [\*]

*Uncertainty of Life.*

a 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine!  
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

— 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Oh make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

— 3 Since on this fleeting hour  
Eternity is hung,

- Awaken, by thy mighty power,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care—  
Be that one thing pursued ;  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.
- b 5 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night. DODDRIDGE ALTERED.
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HYMN 283. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]*Vanity of the World, and Happiness of Heaven.*

- p 1 **H**OW vain is all beneath the skies !  
How transient every earthly bliss !  
How slender all the fondest ties,  
That bind us to a world like this.
- 2 The ev'ning cloud, the morning dew,  
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—  
The glory of a passing hour !
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a land whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- b 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :  
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.
- 

HYMN 284. C. M. *Tolland.* [\*]*Seek first the Kingdom of God.*

- s 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,  
And ardour fire our breast,  
To reign in worlds above the skies,  
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand  
A radiant crown display,  
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,  
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grov'ling, anxious care,  
Beneath a Christian's aim ;  
We spring to seize immortal joys,  
In our Redeemer's name.



4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
The glorious prize pursue ;  
Nor fear the want of earthly good,  
While heaven is kept in view.

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HYMN 285. S. M. *Lisbon*. [\*]

*The Unrighteous excluded from Heaven.*

e 1 **C**AN sinners hope for heaven,  
Who love this world so well ;

Or dream of future happiness,  
While in the road to hell ?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,  
With an unhallow'd tongue ;  
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand  
Which does its neighbour wrong ?

3 Can sin's deceitful way  
Conduct to Zion's hill ;  
Or those expect with God to reign  
Who disregard his will ?

o 4 Thy grace, O God, alone  
Can a good hope afford !  
The pardon'd and renew'd shall see  
The glory of the Lord.

PRATT'S COL.

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HYMN 286. L. M. *Munich*. [b]

*The Value of a Moment.*

e 1 **A**T every motion of our breath,  
Life trembles on the brink of death,  
A taper's flame that upward turns,  
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 A moment usher'd us to birth,  
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth ;  
Moment by moment, years are past,  
And one ere long will be our last.

3 'Twixt that, long-fled, which gave us light,  
And that which soon shall end in night,  
There is a point no eye can see,  
Yet on it hangs eternity.

4 This is that moment,—who shall tell  
Whether it leads to heav'n or hell ?  
This is that moment,—as we choose,  
Th' immortal soul we save or lose.

5 Time past and time to come are not,  
Time present is our only lot ;  
O God, henceforth our hearts incline  
To seek no other love than thine !

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 287. S. M. *Canterbury.* [b]*The Issues of Life and Death.*

p 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love:—

4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh what eternal horrors hang  
Around “the second death!”

g 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 288. C. M. *Dundee.* [b]*Treasuring up Wrath.*

e 1 **U**NGRATEFUL man! Oh whence this scorn  
Of long-extended grace?

And whence this madness, that insults  
Th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is all the treasur'd wrath so small,  
You labour still for more;  
Though not eternal rolling years  
Can e'er exhaust that store?

s 3 Swift will the day of vengeance come,  
Which must your sentence seal;

g And righteous judgment, now unknown,  
In all its wrath reveal.

p 4 Alarm'd and melted at his voice,  
Your conquer'd heart shall bow;

g But, to escape the vengeance then,  
Embrace the Saviour now.

HYMN 289. H. M. *Haddam.* [b or \*]

e 1 **W**HEN frowning death appears,  
And points his fatal dart,

What dark foreboding fears  
 Distract the sinner's heart !  
 The dreadful blow           | But torn away  
 No arm can stay,           | He sinks to wo.  
 2 Now every hope denied,  
 Bereft of every good,  
 g He must the wrath abide  
 Of an avenging God :  
 No mercy there           | Nor wipe the tear  
 Will greet his ear,           | Of black despair.  
 s 3 Sinners, awake, attend,  
 And flee the wrath to come ;  
 Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,  
 And heaven shall be your home.  
 His mercy nigh,           | That leads from death  
 Now points the path,           | To joys on high.   LEE.

HYMN 290. S. M. *Norwalk*. [b]*Anticipation of the Judgment.*

g 1 **H**OW will my heart endure  
 The terrors of that day ;  
 When earth and heaven, before the Judge, -  
 Astonish'd shrink away !  
 — 2 But ere that trumpet shakes  
 The mansions of the dead ;  
 Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound,  
 What joyful tidings spread !  
 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
 And find salvation there.  
 4 So shall that curse remove  
 By which the Saviour bled ;  
 And the last awful day shall pour  
 His blessings on our head.   DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 291. S. M. *Yarmouth* [b]*The Harvest past.*

g 1 **I** SAW beyond the tomb,  
 The awful Judge appear,  
 Prepar'd to scan with strict account  
 My blessings wasted here.  
 a 2 His wrath like flaming fire,  
 Burn'd to the lowest hell—  
 And in that hopeless world of wo  
 He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis call'd to-day ;  
Soon will the awful voice of death,  
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close—  
The summer soon be o'er—  
And soon your injur'd, angry God  
Will hear your prayers no more.

DWIGHT

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HYMN 292. L. M. *Winchelsea*. [b or \*]

*The Watchful Servant.* Luke xii, 38, 39.

s 1 **A** WAKE, awake, each sluggish soul !  
Awake, and view the setting sun !  
See how the shades of death advance,  
Ere half the task of life is done.

e 2 Death ! 'tis an awful, solemn sound !  
Oh may it wake the slumb'ring ear !  
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,  
With all his pale companions near.

3 Soon will he close all drowsy eyes,  
Nor shall we hear these warnings more ;  
Soon will the mighty Judge approach ;  
E'en now he stands before the door.

g 4 To-day, attend his gracious voice !  
This is the summons which he sends—  
“Awake ! for on 'this passing hour,  
Thy long eternity depends.”

HEGINBOTHAM.

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HYMN 293. L. M. *Nazareth*. [\* or b]

*The Sinner hastened.*

b 1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner ! to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is it to be won.

2 Oh hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
For fear thy season should be o'er,  
Before this ev'ning stage be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner ! to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn,  
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner ! to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
Before the morrow is begun.

PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 294. H. M. *Haddam*. [b]*"Yet there is Room."* Luke xiv, 22.

- e 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,  
Immerged in sin and wo,  
o The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you :  
Ye perishing and guilty, come ;  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame :  
He bids you come to-day,  
Though poor, and blind, and lame :  
All things are ready, sinner, come,  
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word  
His messengers proclaim ;  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And faithful is his name :  
Backsliding souls, return and come,  
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compelled by bleeding love,  
Ye wandering souls, draw near,  
Christ calls you from above,  
His charming accents hear !  
Let whosoever will, now come :  
In mercy's breast there still is room.

BODEN.

HYMN 295. C. M. *Canterbury*. [b or \*]*God's Command to all Men to repent.* Luke xiii, 3.

- e 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,  
No longer dare delay :  
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,—  
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess ;  
Accept the offered Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with the grace.
- g 3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar :  
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
- p 4 Amazing love,—that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days !  
Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.



HYMN 296. *Chaplin. Amsterdam.* [b]*Alarm.*—7s & 6s.

e 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner ! stop and think,  
     Before you farther go !  
 Will you sport upon the brink  
     Of everlasting wo !  
 Once again I charge you, stop !  
     For unless you warning take,  
 Ere you are aware, you drop  
     Into the burning lake !

g 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
     That you his will oppose ?  
 Fear you not that iron rod  
     With which he breaks his foes ?  
 Can you stand in that dread day  
     When his judgment shall proclaim,  
 And the earth shall melt away  
     Like wax before the flame ?

3 Though your heart be made of steel,  
     Your forehead lined with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
     He will not let you pass.  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
     (Though they now despise his grace,)  
 “ Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
     And hide us from his face.”

NEWTON.

HYMN 297. L. M. *Germany.* [b or \*]*“Renounce thy Sins.”*

o 1 “**R**ENOUNCE thy sins,” the gospel cries,  
     And pant t’embrace a fairer prize ;  
 A heaven of joys before thee waits,  
 Then take the road to Zion’s gates.

p 2 “Renounce thy sins,” the watchmen cry,  
     Believe—and you shall never die ;

g Fair robes of glory wait above  
     For all the heirs of bleeding love.

3 “Renounce thy sins,” God’s children cry,  
 Repent—and soar to worlds on high,  
 Where streams of living waters roll,  
 And ceaseless bliss absorbs the soul.

4 “Renounce thy sins,” thy reason cries,  
 Break from your heart these hateful ties,  
 Enlist a soldier of the Lamb,  
 And joy t’ exalt the Saviour’s name.

HYMN 298. L. M. *Bowen.* [b or \*]*Jesus a Guest.* Rev. iii, 20.

- e 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour at thy door,  
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
 Has waited long, is waiting still,  
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- a 2 O lovely attitude!—he stands  
 With melting heart, and outstretched hands!  
 O matchless kindness! and he shows  
 This matchless kindness to his foes.
- b 3 Admit him;—for the human breast,  
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;  
 Admit him;—or the hour's at hand,  
 When at his door denied you'll stand.
- 4 "Open my heart, Lord, enter in,  
 Slay every foe, and conquer sin:  
 I now to thee my all resign,  
 My body, soul, and all are thine."

HYMN 299. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b]*"Why will ye die? O House of Israel!"* Ezek. xviii, 31.

- e 1 **S**INNERS! turn—why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why:  
 God, who did your being give—  
 Made you with himself to live:  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands:  
 Why, O thankless creatures! why  
 Will ye spurn his love, and die?
- o 2 Sinners! turn—why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why:  
 He who his own life did give,  
 That ye might for ever live:  
 Will you let him die in vain,  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, O ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- b 3 Sinners! turn—why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why:  
 He who all your lives hath strove—  
 Moved you to embrace his love—  
 Will ye not his love receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, O long-sought sinners, why  
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

WESLEY.

HYMN 300. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b or \*]

- e 1 **L**ET the beasts their breath resign,  
 Strangers to the life divine;  
 Who their God can never know,  
 Let their spirit downward go.
- o You for higher ends were born:  
 You may all to God return:  
 Dwell with him above the sky:  
 Why will ye for ever die?
- e 2 What could your Redeemer do,  
 More than he hath done for you?  
 To procure your peace with God,  
 Could he more than shed his blood?  
 After all his flow of love,  
 All his drawings from above,  
 Why will ye your Lord deny?  
 Why will ye for ever die?

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 301. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b or \*]

- s 1 **S**INNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,  
 Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;  
 Raise thy spirit dark and dead;  
 Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,  
 See the bright and living path:  
 Watchful tread that path; be wise;—  
 Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,  
 From this hour redeem thy time;  
 Life secure without delay,  
 Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind, and foolish still,  
 Called of Jesus, learn his will:  
 Jesus calls from death and night,  
 Jesus waits to shed his light.

EPIS. COL.

HYMN 302. S. M. *St. Thomas.* [b]*The accepted Time.* 2 Cor. vi, 2.

- 1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace;  
 Now, sinners, come without delay,  
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to-day;

To-morrow it may be too late—  
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is th' accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come ;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

DOBELL.

# HYMN 303. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [b or \*]

*Sinners invited to Christ.* Mat. xi, 28—30.

o 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched ;  
This is your accepted hour ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
e Full of pity, love, and power ;  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more !

o 2 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall !  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all :  
Not the righteous—  
*Sinners* Jesus came to call.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel the need of Him ;  
This he gives you ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

e 4 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies !  
On the bloody tree behold him,  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
“ *It is finished !* ”  
Sinners, will not *this* suffice ?

5 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood :  
Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude :  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

s 6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
Hallelujah !  
Sinners here may sing the same.

HART.

HYMN 304. 8, 7 & 4. *Calvary.* [\*]

- o 1 **H**EAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,  
e Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls:  
Trust in Jesus,  
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- o 2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,—  
Seek his mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over;  
Soon your life will pass away!  
Haste to Jesus,  
You must perish, if you stay.
- 

HYMN 305. 12s. *New Jerusalem.* [\*]*Free Grace.*

- o 1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the  
mountain:"  
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain:  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.
- CHORUS.
- s Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,  
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,  
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?  
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,  
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.
- 3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;  
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious:  
With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,—  
He saves us most freely—oh precious salvation!
- 4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,  
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;  
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,  
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
- 5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;  
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;  
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.



HYMN 306. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b or \*]

Matt. xi, 28.

o 1 **C**OME, ye weary sinners, come,  
 All, who feel your heavy load :  
 Jesus calls the wand'ers home ;  
 Hasten to your pard'ning God :  
 Come, ye guilty souls oppressed,  
 Answer to the Saviour's call :  
 " Come, and I will give you rest :  
 Come, and I will save you all."

e 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,  
 We thy kindest call obey,  
 Faithful let thy mercies prove,  
 Take our load of guilt away :  
 Weary of this war within,  
 Weary of this endless strife,  
 Weary of ourselves and sin,  
 Weary of a wretched life.

p 3 Burdened with a world of grief,  
 Burdened with our sinful load,  
 Burdened with this unbelief,  
 Burdened with the wrath of God,

o Lo, we come to thee for ease,  
 True and gracious as thou art ;  
 Now our weary souls release,  
 Write forgiveness on our heart. VILLAGE HYMNS.

HYMN 307. L. M. *Park Street.* [b]

"Return unto me."

o 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return !  
 And seek thine injured Father's face :  
 Those new desires which in thee burn,  
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace,

2 Return, O wanderer, return !

e He hears thy deep repentant sigh ;  
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
 When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return !  
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live :  
 Go to his feet ; and grateful, learn  
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

s 4 Return, O wanderer, return !  
 And wipe away the falling tear :  
 Thy Father calls—" No longer mourn !"  
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

COLLYER.

HYMN 308. C. M. *Dundee*. [b]

Mat. xi, 28.

- 1 **A**LL ye who feel distressed for sin,  
And fear eternal wo,  
You Christ invites to enter in—  
This hour to Jesus go!
- 2 He by his own almighty word,  
Will all your fears remove :  
For every wound his precious blood  
A sovereign balm shall prove.
- o 3 His conquering grace shall set you free  
From sin's oppressive chains,  
From Satan's hateful tyranny,  
And everlasting pains.
- b 4 Come, then, ye heavy laden—come !  
His instant help implore :
- e Millions have found a peaceful home—  
s There's room for millions more. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 309. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn*. [\*]*A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness.*

- g 1 **C**OME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners, ruined by the fall ;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows to you, to me, to all.
- e 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the troubled, peace may find.
- 3 He that drinks shall live for ever ;  
'Tis a soul-renewing flood :  
God is faithful ;—God will never  
Break his covenant in blood. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 310. L. M. *Angels' Hymn*. [\*]*"Take not thy Holy Spirit," &c. Ps. li, 11.*

- e 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite,  
Cast not the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,—

p 3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
I shall not see thy people's rest.

—4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;  
Into thy rest of love receive,  
And bless me with the calm repose.

—5 E'en now my weary soul release,  
And raise me by thy gracious hand!  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 311. C. M. *Canterbury*. [b]

*The Penitent.*

p 1 **P**ROSTRATE, O Jesus, at thy feet,  
A guilty rebel lies,  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead,  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears but those which thou hast shed,  
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
And all my sins forgive;  
Then Justice will approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

STENNETT.

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HYMN 312. C. M. *Dedham*. [b or \*]

*"O save me for thy Mercies' Sake."*—Ps. vi, 4.

p 1 **M**ERCY alone can meet my case:  
For mercy, Lord, I cry:  
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face  
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me,—for none beside can save;  
At thy command I tread,  
With failing steps, life's stormy wave,  
— The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just;  
But wilt thou leave me? No:

I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust :  
I will not let thee go.

g 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,  
And ever must abide :  
Behold it written on thy hands,  
And graven in thy side.

5 To this, this only will I cleave :  
Thy word is all my plea :  
That word is truth, and I believe :

— Have mercy, Lord, on me ! MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 313. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

*For Pardon, Holiness, and Heaven.*

p 1 **S**INNERS of Adam's fallen race,  
Sinners by practice too,  
In prayer, O God, we seek thy face,  
In prayer for mercy sue.

—2 No trembling penitent to Thee  
E'er turned, and was denied :  
Accept, O Lord ! our only plea ;  
For us thy Son hath died.

o 3 For Him, thy gift, thy name we bless :  
To us, for whom He died,  
Through faith impute his righteousness,  
And we are justified.

—4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love !  
May we, for whom He died,  
Receive thy Spirit from above,  
And thus be sanctified.

5 At length made holy, just, forgiven,  
Through Christ who for us died,  
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,  
With him be glorified.

ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 314. 7s. *Hotham.* [\*]

*Choosing the Heritage of God's People.*

o 1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.  
Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O receive me into rest !

2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave ;  
 Mine the God whom you adore,  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
 Earth can fill my heart no more,  
 Every idol I resign.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 315. C. M. *Broomsgrove*. [\*]*Social Dedication to God.*

- s 1 **B**EING of beings, God of love !  
 To thee our hearts we raise ;  
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
 And gladly sing thy praise.
- e 2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be,  
 Our sacrifice receive ;  
 Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,  
 To thee ourselves we give.
- s 3 Come, Holy Ghost ! the Saviour's love  
 Shed in our hearts abroad ;  
 So shall we ever live and move,  
 And be with Christ, in God.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 316. C. M. *Arundel*. [\*]*"Hinder me not."* Gen. xxiv, 56.

- b 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways  
 My journey I'll pursue ;  
 "Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,  
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
 I'll follow where he goes ;  
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command :  
 "Hinder me not," for I am bound  
 To my Immanuel's land.
- o 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 My joyful cry shall be,  
 "Hinder me not ;" come, welcome death ;  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

DR. RYLAND.



HYMN 317. L. M. *Blendon*. [\*]*Following Jesus as the Forerunner.*

- o 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
 The way that leads from banishment;  
 The King's highway of holiness,  
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,  
 And mourned because I found it not;  
 My grief a burden long had been,  
 Oppressed with unbelief and sin.
- 4 The more I strove against their power,  
 I sinned and stumbled but the more;  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to thee as I am:  
 Nothing but sin I thee can give;  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- s 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

CENNICK.

HYMN 318. C. M. *Stephens*. [\*]*"Help, Lord."*

- e 1 **O**H help us, Lord! each hour of need  
 Thy heavenly succour give;  
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,  
 More firmly to believe;  
 For still the more thy servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.
- 3 If, strangers to thy fold, we call,  
 Imploring at thy feet,  
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,  
 'Tis all we dare entreat.
- 4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,  
 So thou wilt grant but this;  
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,  
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

5 Oh help us, Jesus! from on high;  
 We know no help but thee:  
 Oh help us so to live and die  
 As thine in heaven to be.

MILMAN.

HYMN 319. C. M. *Woodstock.* [b]*The Fulness of Redemption.*

- 1 **H**OW shall my soul find rest in heaven,  
 Th' eternal, blest abode?  
 When, "without holiness, no man  
 Shall see the holy God."
- 2 Though I have nothing of my own,  
 To form that heavenly dress;  
 Jesus has wrought, and gives to me,  
 The robe of righteousness.
- o 3 Hear thou, my soul, his teaching voice;  
 With wise endeavour, still,  
 Observe the guiding of his eye,  
 And precepts of his will.
- 4 Then shall the robe thy Saviour wrought,  
 The ransom he has given,  
 Be made thy title to the rest  
 Prepared for saints in heaven.

HYMN 320. S. M. *Tolland.* [\*]*Salvation by Grace, from the first to the last.*

- s 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound;  
 Harmonious to the ear!  
 u Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.
- s 2 Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man;  
 And all the steps that grace display,  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 a It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 321. P. M. *Bingham*. [b or \*]*Bartimeus*. Mark x, 47, 48.

p 1 “**M**ERCY, O thou Son of David!”  
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;

Others by the word are saved,

o Now to me afford thine aid:

Many for his crying chid him,

o But he called the louder still;

e Till the gracious Saviour bid him

o “Come and ask me what you will.”

e 2 Money was not what he wanted,

Though by begging used to live;

But he asked, and Jesus granted,

Alms, which none but he could give:

o “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,

“Let my eyes behold the day;”

Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,

Followed Jesus in the way.

s 3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,

Publishing to all around;

“Friend, is not my case amazing?

“What a Saviour I have found:

“Oh! that all the blind but knew him;

“And would be advised by me!

“Surely would they hasten to him,

“He would cause them all to see.”

NEWTON.

HYMN 322. C. M. *Warwick*. [\*]*“Herein is Love.”* 1 John iv, 10.

s 1 **Y**E saints, assist me in my song—

Let all your passions move:

To Jesus all the notes belong—

I sing redeeming love.

e 2 Around the circle of his friends,

His tender passions move:

And while he lived, his constant theme

o Was still redeeming love.

p 3 Gently he raised his sacred hands,

Before his last remove:

And the last whispers of his tongue

Sighed forth redeeming love.

4 Through life's wide waste, with weary feet,

In darkness I may rove;

But never can my heart forget

Redeeming, dying love.

- 5 Oh that before his sacred throne,  
 I all its sweets may prove :  
 Still as my pleasures rise, my song  
 Shall be redeeming love.

COLLYER.

HYMN 323. C. M. *Stamford.* [\*]

Luke xv, 10.

- p 1 **O**H, how divine, how sweet the joy,  
 When but one sinner turns,  
 And with an humble, broken heart,  
 His sins and errors mourns !
- s 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below  
 In songs their tongues employ ;  
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
 And heaven is filled with joy.
- o 3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears  
 The conscious sinner's moan ;  
 Jesus receives him in his arms,  
 And claims him for his own.
- s 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,  
 But kindle with new fire :  
 "The sinner lost is found," they sing,  
 And strike the sounding lyre.

NEEDHAM.

HYMN 324. C. M. *Abridge.* [\*]

- s 1 **O**HAPPY soul that lives on high,  
 While men lie grov'ling here !  
 His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
 And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
 While grace and joy combine  
 To form a life whose holy springs  
 Are hidden and divine.
- e 3 He waits in secret on his God,  
 His God in secret sees ;
- s Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
 He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
 Beyond this world of time,  
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne,  
 To raise his figure here,  
 Content and pleased to live alone,  
 Till Christ his life appear.

WATTS.

HYMN 325. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [\*]*The Fear of God.*

- o 1 **T**HREE happy souls, who, born of heaven.  
While yet they sojourn here,  
e Humbly begin their days with God,  
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal  
Prevent the dawning day ;  
And turn the sacred pages o'er,  
And praise thy name and pray.
- e 3 Midst hourly cares may love present  
Its incense to thy throne ;  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 At night we lean our weary heads  
On thy paternal breast ;  
And, safely folded in thine arms,  
Resign our powers to rest.
- o 5 In solid, pure delights, like these,  
Let all my days be past ;  
Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
Nor shall I fear the last.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 326. C. M. *Broomsgrove*. [\*]*Christian Love.*

- p 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfill his word ;—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart ;—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.
- b 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow ;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN.



HYMN 327. S. M. *Lisbon.* [\*]*Exhortation against Sectarian Spirit.*

- 1 **L**ET party names no more  
 The Christian world o'erspread :  
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
 Let mutual love be found ;  
 Heirs of the same inheritance,  
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill will  
 Be banished far away ;  
 And all in Christian bonds unite,  
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
 Resemble that above ;  
 Where no discordant sounds are heard,  
 But all is peace and love.

BEDDOME.

HYMN 328. C. M. *Archdale.* [\*]*The Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.*

- g 1 **T**HE earth, the ocean, and the sky,  
 To form one world agree ;  
 Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,  
 Compose one family.
- 2 God in creation thus displays  
 His wisdom and his might,  
 While all his works with all his ways  
 Harmoniously unite.
- p 3 In one fraternal bond of love,  
 One fellowship of mind,  
 o The saints below and saints above,  
 Their bliss and glory find.
- 4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
 Thy statutes are their song ;  
 There, through one bright eternal age,  
 Thy praises they prolong.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 329. C. M. *Tolland.* [\*]*The Church Militant learning the Church Triumphant's Song.*

- o 1 **S**ING we the song of those who stand  
 Around th' eternal throne,

- Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;  
To-day, the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and his flock appear  
One Shepherd and one fold.
- p 3 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await  
On earth the pilgrim's throng ;  
Yet learn we, in our low estate,  
o The church triumphant's song.
- s 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Cry the redeemed above,  
Blessing and honour to obtain,  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,  
Who died our souls to save :  
Henceforth, O Death ! where is thy sting ?  
Thy victory, O Grave ?
- 6 Then, hallelujah ! power and praise  
To God in Christ be given ;  
May all who now this anthem raise,  
Renew the strain in heaven. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 330. S. M. *Shirland*. [\*]*Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration.*

- e 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine  
By everlasting bonds ;  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign ;  
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave,  
With ever-growing zeal ;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.
- o 3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee, our Head ;  
Shall form us to thy image bright,  
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay ;  
But love shall keep us near thy side  
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt and fear ?  
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,  
He'll fix his members there. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 331. L. M. *Atlantic*. [\*]*Rising to God.*

- o 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time ;  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth ?  
Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God ?  
For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- s 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large ;  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;  
And the sweet expectation now  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBON.

HYMN 332. 7s. *Hotham*. [b or \*]*Forsaking all for Christ.*

- p 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee ;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition !  
God and heaven are still my own.
- o 2 Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear ;
- e Think what spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- s 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there..

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 333. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b or \*]

*Welcoming the Cross.*

o 1 **T**IS my happiness below,  
 Not to love without the cross ;  
 But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall ;  
 But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscribed upon them all,  
 This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet,  
 Trials give new life to prayer ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

COWPER.

HYMN 334. L. M. *Brentford.* [b]

*The Influence of the World deplored.*

e 1 **O**H ! from the world's vile slavery,  
 Almighty Saviour, set me free ;  
 And as my treasure is above,  
 Be there my thoughts and there my love.

p 2 But oft, alas ! too well I know,  
 My thoughts, my love, are fixed below ;  
 In every lifeless prayer I find  
 The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

3 Oh ! what that frozen heart can move,  
 Which melts not at a Saviour's love ?  
 What can that sluggish spirit raise,  
 Which will not sing the Saviour's praise ?

4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,  
 Above this world of sin and sense ;  
 s Cause them to soar beyond the skies,  
 And rest not, till to thee they rise.

COTTERILL.

HYMN 335. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

*The Power of Faith.*

o 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves us from its snares ;  
 Its aid in every duty brings,

p And softens all our cares ;

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
 And lights the sacred fire  
 Of love to God and heavenly things,  
 And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power  
 The healing balm to give ;  
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
 And make the dying live.
- s 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
 And bids us seek our portion there,  
 Nor bids us seek in vain.

TURNER.

HYMN 336. 7s & 6s. *Margate*. [b or \*]*Looking forward.*

- p 1 **F**ROM every earthly pleasure,  
 From every transient joy,  
 From every mortal treasure,  
 That soon will fade and die ;  
 No longer these desiring,  
 Upward our wishes tend,  
 To nobler bliss aspiring,  
 And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow  
 That heaves our breast to-day,  
 —Or threatens us to-morrow,  
 Hope turns our eyes away :
- s On wings of faith ascending,  
 We see the land of light,  
 And feel our sorrows ending  
 In infinite delight.
- p 3 What though we are but strangers  
 And sojourners below ;  
 And countless snares and dangers  
 Surround the path we go ;  
 Though painful and distressing,  
 Yet there's a rest above ;
- s And onward still we're pressing,  
 To reach that land of love.

HYMN 337. 7s. *German Hymn*. [\*]*The Pilgrim's Song.*

- o 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King !  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing :  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
 o Glorious in his works and ways !



- o 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now,—and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- u 3 Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest !  
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest :  
There your seat is now prepared ;  
There your kingdom and reward.
- s 4 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand  
On the borders of your land :  
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- p 5 Lord, submissive make us go,  
o Gladly leaving all below :  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

CENNICK.

HYMN 338. L. M. *Eaton*. [\*]

Heb. xiii, 14.

- e 1 “**W**E’VE no abiding city here”—  
e This may distress the worldly mind ;  
o But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- e 2 “ We’ve no abiding city here”—  
e Sad truth, were this to be our home :  
o But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
“ We seek a city yet to come.”
- 3 “ We’ve no abiding city here”—  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- e 4 “ We’ve no abiding city here”—  
s We seek a city out of sight ;  
Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.

KELLY.

HYMN 339. C. M. *St. Ann's*. [\*]*Sincerity and Truth.*

- e 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name,  
e Their holy vows fulfill :  
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,  
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,  
Though to their hurt they swear,  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
Nor flattering words devise;  
They know the God of truth can see  
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,  
In all the shapes it wears,  
Firm to their truth; and when they die,  
Eternal life is theirs.

WATTS.

HYMN 340. C. M. *Dedham.* [b]*Watchfulness.*

1 **O** FOR a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear;

A sensibility to sin,  
A pain to feel it near;

2 O for the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From Thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make!  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 341. S & 7. *Bavaria.* [\*]*The watchful Servants.*

e 1 **E**ARTHLY joys no longer please us,  
Here would we renounce them all,  
Seek our only rest in Jesus—  
Him our Lord and Master call.

s Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
Points to brighter worlds above,  
Bids us look for his appearing—  
Bids us triumph in his love.

2 May our lights be always burning,  
And our loins be girded round,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning—  
Longing for the welcome sound!

Thus the Christian life adorning,  
Never will we be afraid;  
Should he come at night or morning—  
Early dawn or evening shade.

CONG. MAG.

HYMN 342. S. M. *Watchman.* [\* or b]

- e 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfill;  
 O may it all my powers engage  
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in thy sight to live;  
 And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely!  
 Assured if I my trust betray,  
 I shall for ever die.

WESLEY.

HYMN 343. S. M. *Olmutz.* [\*]*Watch and pray. Matt. xxvi, 41.*

- p 1 **M**Y soul, be on thy guard,—  
 Ten thousand foes arise:  
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,  
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray,  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor once at ease sit down:  
 The arduous work will not be done,  
 Till thou hast got thy crown.

HEATH.

HYMN 344. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]*Indwelling Sin lamented.*

- p 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,  
 Here at thy feet, my God,  
 My passion, pride, and discontent,  
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
 So false as mine has been,  
 So faithless to its promises,  
 So prone to every sin.
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands  
 Are holy, just, and true,

Tells me whate'er my God demands,  
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,  
And all her words approve ;  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
These strugglings in my breast ?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest ?

STENNETT.

### HYMN 345. 7s. *Calvary.* [b]

1 **B**Y thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,  
All my inmost sins reveal,  
Sins against thy light and love  
Let me see, and let me feel ;  
Sins that crucified my Lord,  
Sins against thy precious blood.

p 2 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,  
Make me restless to return ;  
Bid me look on thee, and weep,  
Bitterly, as Peter, mourn ;—  
Till I say, by grace restored,  
“ Now, thou know'st I love thee, Lord.”

3 O remember me for good,  
Passing through the mortal vale ;  
Show me the atoning blood,  
When my strength and spirit fail ;  
Give my fainting soul to see  
Jesus crucified for me.

WESLEY'S C

### HYMN 346. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [

*For Power over Sin.*

1 **W**HEN shall I hear the inward voice,  
Which only faithful souls can hear.  
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,  
Attend the promised Comforter :  
O come, and righteousness divine,  
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine !

2 O that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast :  
And make my soul his loved abode,  
The temple of indwelling God.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 347. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]*The Contrite Heart.*

- p 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow :  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel ;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain  
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined  
To love thee, if I could ;  
But often feel another mind  
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few ;  
Fain would I strive for more ;  
But, when I cry, " My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
And love the house of prayer ;  
I therefore go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh ! make this heart rejoice or ache ;  
Decide this doubt for me ;  
And if it be not broken, break,—  
And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

HYMN 348. C. M. *Poland.* [b]*For a Contrite Heart.*

- e 1 **O** FOR that tenderness of heart,  
Which bows before the Lord ;  
Acknowledging how just thou art,  
And trembling at thy word.
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow ;  
That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long-suspended blow.
- 3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give  
The sensible distress ;  
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me die in peace ;—
- g 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
Before the evil come ;  
My spirit hide with saints above,  
My body in the tomb.

C. WESLEY.



HYMN 349. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]*Return of Joy.*

- e 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
o And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.  
2 I chide my unbelieving heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.  
3 O, let me, then, at length be taught  
(What I am still so slow to learn)  
That God is Love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.  
4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!  
But, when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,—  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.  
5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will,  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.  
6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou therefore all the praise receive;  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

COWPER.

HYMN 350. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [\*]*Fervent Vows and Petitions.*

- o 1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength and tower,  
Thee will I love, my joy and crown;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all my works, and thee alone!  
Thee will I love, till that pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.  
—2 In darkness willingly I strayed;  
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:  
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,  
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;  
And now, if more at length I see,  
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.  
—3 I thank thee, uncreated sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shined;  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;

I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

4 Give to my eyes refreshing tears ;  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;  
Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

—5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown !  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !  
Thee will I love, though all may frown,  
And thorns and briers perplex my road ;  
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

MORAVIAN.

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HYMN 351. L. M. *Nazareth*. [b or \*]

*A Good Conscience.*

p 1 **S**WEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest !  
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ;  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control ;  
And heal the anguish of my soul.

o 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere ;  
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;  
Still let your presence cheer my heart,  
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,  
Oh ! make these sacred pleasures mine !  
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.

s 4 Then should my eyes, without a tear,  
See death, with all its terrors, near :  
My heart should then in death rejoice,  
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

g 5 Nay, should the frame of nature fall,  
And flames surround this earthly ball ;  
Ev'n then, my soul without dismay  
The mighty ruin would survey.

s 6 Yes, for beyond these lower skies  
New worlds salute my longing eyes ;  
Blest worlds ! where peace her throne maintains,  
And everlasting glory reigns.

HEGINBOTHAM.

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HYMN 352. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b or \*]

*The Request.*

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :—

2 “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3 “ Let the sweet hope that I am thine,  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.”

STEELE.

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HYMN 353. 8 & 7. *Smyrna*. [\*]

‘ *Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow  
of Death, I will fear no Evil.*’ Ps. xxiii, 4.

p 1 **G**ENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us  
Through this gloomy vale of tears,  
Through the changes thou’st decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.

s O refresh us with thy blessing,  
O refresh us with thy grace,  
May thy mercies, never ceasing,  
Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

p 2 When temptation’s darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

s O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

p 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

s— O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

e 4 When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest,

o Till by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

s O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

s 5 Then, O crown us with thy blessing,  
Through the triumphs of thy grace ;  
Then shall praises never ceasing  
Echo through thy dwelling-place.

O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

HYMN 354. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]*Submission.*

- p 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will !  
Tumultuous passions, all be still !  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- e 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;  
But though his methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes his firm decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confessed,  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
Prostrate before his awful seat :  
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God. BEDDOME.
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HYMN 355. C. M. *Dundee.* [\* or b]*Resignation.*

- 1 **M**AY I remember, Lord, to thee,  
Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back, in gratitude, from me,  
May all thy bounties flow.
- 2 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in thy service spent.
- 3 And though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will ?
- o No, let me bless thy name, and say,  
"The Lord is gracious still."
- 4 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed,  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.
- 5 Write but my name upon the roll  
Of thy redeemed above ;  
Then, heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,  
I'll love thee for thy love. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 356. L. P. M. *Dresden.* [b]

*"For we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."* Heb. iv, 15.

e 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few,  
 On him I lean, who, not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain;  
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

—2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,  
 To fly the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the sin I would not do,  
 Still he who felt temptation's power  
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

—3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend;  
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
 Divides me—for a little while,—  
 Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

—4 And O, when I have safely past  
 Through every conflict—but the last,  
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
 My painful bed,—for thou hast died;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away.

GRANT.

HYMN 357. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]*Divine Faithfulness.*

e 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,  
 While the billows o'er me roll,  
 e Jesus whispers consolation,  
 o And supports my fainting soul;  
 s Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

e 2 In his darkest dispensations,  
 o Faithful doth the Lord appear,  
 With his richest consolations,  
 u To reanimate and cheer:  
 e Sweet affliction,  
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.



3 In the sacred page recorded  
Thus his word securely stands;  
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,  
'Nought shall pluck you from my hands:'  
Sweet affliction,  
Every word my love demands. S. PEARCE.

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HYMN 358. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [b]

*Prayer for Divine Consolation.*

p 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love,  
O! hear a humble suppliant's cry;  
o Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
g Thy throne of glorious majesty:  
O deign to listen to my voice,  
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,  
No worth to claim thy gracious smile;  
And when I bow before thy throne,  
Dare to converse with God awhile,  
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,  
Dearest and sweetest name to me!

p 3 Father of mercies, God of love,  
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
g Thy throne of glorious majesty:  
One pardoning word can make me whole,  
And soothe the anguish of my soul. RAFFLES.

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HYMN 359. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

*Think upon Me. Neh. v, 19.*

p 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee;  
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning, on my burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily:  
My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
In love, remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be;  
o I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame  
If thou remember me.

- p 4 The hour is near—consigned to death,  
 I own the just decree ;  
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,  
 I'll cry—Remember me.

HAWEIS.

HYMN 360. 8 & 7. *Smyrna.* [b]*In deep Affliction.*

- p 1 **F**ULL of trembling expectation,  
 Feeling much, and fearing more,  
 Mighty God of my salvation,  
 I thy timely aid implore :  
 Suffering Son of Man, be near me,  
 All my sufferings to sustain,  
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,  
 By thy more than mortal pain.

- 2 By thy most severe temptation,  
 In that dark, Satanic hour ;  
 By thy last mysterious passion,  
 Screen me from the adverse power ;  
 By thy fainting in the garden,  
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,  
 Write upon my heart the pardon,  
 Take my sins and fears away.

- 3 By the travail of thy spirit,  
 By thine outcry on the tree,  
 By thine agonizing merit,  
 In my pangs remember me !  
 By thy death I thee conjure,  
 A weak, dying soul befriend ;  
 Make me patient to endure ;  
 Make me faithful to the end.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 361. C. M. *Dedham.* [b]*Hope in Trouble.*

- 1 **W**HEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
 And mourns the present pain,  
 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
 And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
 And dread a Father's will,  
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
 And would not suffer still :—

- 
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardor glows,  
To see him face to face,  
Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harassed conscience feels  
The pangs of struggling sin ;  
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,  
And ends the strife within.
- s 6 O let me wing my hallowed flight  
From earth-born wo and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share !
- NOEL.
- 

HYMN 362. C. M. *Abridge.* [\*]*Gospel Comforts.*

- p 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away.
- e 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace,  
For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee ?
- TOPLADY.
- 

HYMN 363. S. M. *Olmutz.* [\*]

- o 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;

u Loud to the praise of love divine,  
Bid every string awake.

o 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home,  
And nearer to our house above,  
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the love divine.

4 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee !  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 364. P. M. *Haddam.* [\*]

*The Cross the Way to the Crown.*

s 1 **L**OOK up to yonder world,  
See myriads round the throne !  
Each bears a golden harp,  
And wears a sacred crown :

s With zeal they strike | And strive to raise  
The sacred lyre, | Their praises higher.

2 Believing in his Name,  
They in his footsteps trod ;  
His righteousness their hope,  
Their only plea his blood ;  
Lo, now they reign | Behold his face  
With him above, | And sing his love.

3 And shall we not aspire,  
Like them our course to run ?  
The crown if we would wear,  
That crown must first be won :  
Divinely taught, | First to believe  
They shewed the way, | And then obey.

HYMN 365. L. M. *Luton.* [\*]

*The Redeemed round the Throne.* Rev. vii, 9—17.

o 1 **L**O ! round the throne, at God's right hand,  
The saints, in countless myriads, stand ;  
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame :  
From all their labors now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore :  
The tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace :  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
o To him their loud hosannas raise.—
- s 5 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign !  
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God !

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HYMN 366. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [\*]

*The Redeemed in Heaven.*

1 **W**HAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song :  
“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion, every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod,  
These from great affliction came ;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his almighty name ;  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
And for ever from their eyes,  
God shall wipe away the tears.

MONTGOMERY.



HYMN 367. S. M. *Lisbon.* [\*]*The Ransomed of the Lord shall return, &c. Isa. xxxv, 10.*

- s 1 **Y**OUR happy voices join,  
And strike the heavenly song;  
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways  
With music pass along.
- e 2 How straight the path appears!  
How open and how fair!  
No lurking gins t'entrap our feet—  
No fierce destroyer there.
- b 3 But flowers of paradise  
In rich profusion spring;  
The sun of glory gilds the path  
And dear companions sing.
- s 4 See Salem's golden spires,  
In beauteous prospect rise;  
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
Far sparkle through the skies.
- u 5 All honour to his name,  
Who marks the shining way;  
To him, who leads the pilgrims on  
To realms of endless day.

DODDRIDGE ALTERED.

HYMN 368. S. M. *St. Thomas.* [\*]*The Christian's Warfare.*

- o 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.
- u 3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
But take to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:—
- 4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.
- s 5 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry  
In all his soldiers, "Come,"  
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,  
And take the conquerors home. C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 369. C. P. M. *Rapture.* [\*]*The beatific Vision.*

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
Companions through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.
- s 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode;  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- p 3 We suffer with our Master here—  
s But shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down;  
To patient faith the prize is sure;  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 The great mysterious Deity,  
We soon with open face shall see:  
The beatific sight
- u Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.
- 5 The Father shining on his throne,  
The glorious co-eternal Son,  
The Spirit, one and seven,
- o Conspire our rapture to complete;  
And lo! we fall before his feet,  
e And silence heightens heaven.
- d 6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
And at thy footstool fall;  
Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
- o And God be all in all! C. WESLEY.
- 

HYMN 370. C. M. *Bray.* [\*]*The near Approach of Salvation.*

- s 1 SERVANTS of God, awake! arise!  
And lift your voices high:

- Praise and adore that boundless love,  
Which brings salvation nigh.
- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then gladly view each closing day,  
Gladly each closing year.
- e 3 For few, indeed, their round shall run,  
Few future mornings rise;  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.
- s 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course:  
Ye mortal powers, decay:  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 371. S. M. *Tolland.* [\*]*Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.*

- u 1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice:  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought.
- b 4 There with benign regard  
Our hymns he deigns to hear;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels them near.
- u 5 God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours;  
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up and bless his glorious Name,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 372. 8 & 7. *Greenville.* [\*]*Come and help us.*

- g 1 **H**ARK! what mean those lamentations,  
Rolling sadly through the sky?  
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—  
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathens' sad complaining,  
 Christians ! hear their dying cry :  
 And, the love of Christ constraining,  
 Haste to help them, ere they die.

CAWOOD.

HYMN 373. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]*Prayer for the Heathen.*

- p 1 **O**'ER the realms of pagan darkness,  
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;  
 See the kindreds of the people,  
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze :  
 Darkness brooding—  
 On the face of all the earth.
- s 2 Light of them who sit in error !  
 Rise and shine, thy blessings bring ;  
 Light, to lighten all the Gentiles !  
 Rise with healing in thy wing .  
 To thy brightness—  
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 Let the heathen, now adoring  
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
 Come, and, worshipping before Him,  
 Serve the living God alone.  
 Let thy glory—  
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- s 4 Thou ! to whom all power is given,  
 Speak the word ! at thy command,  
 Let the company of preachers  
 Spread thy name from land to land :  
 Lord ! be with them—  
 Always, till time's latest end !

HYMN 374. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [b or \*]*The Gathering of the Gentiles.*

- o 1 **T**HE heathen perish : day by day,  
 Thousands on thousands pass away !  
 O Christians ! to their rescue fly,  
 Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,  
 Yea, life itself, that they may live ;  
 What hath your Saviour done for *you* ?  
 And what for *him* will ye not do ?
- u 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,  
 Call in the south, wake up the north ;  
 Of every clime, from sun to sun,  
 Gather God's children into one.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 375. 7 & 6. *Missionary Hymn.* [\*]*Come over and help us.*

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.
- p 2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?
- s Salvation! O Salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

BISHOP HEBER.

HYMN 376. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [\*]

- u 1 **S**OVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,  
 Be this thy Zion's favoured hour:  
 Bid the bright morning star arise,  
 And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,  
 On Afric's shore, in India's plains,  
 On wilds and continents unknown;  
 And make the universe thine own.



3 Speak ! and the world shall hear thy voice,  
 Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice :  
 Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
 And bid all nations hail the light.

HYMN 377. P. M. *Haddam.* [\*]

*Increase of the Church.*

- g 1 **R**ISE, gracious God ! and shine  
 In all thy saving might :  
 And prosper each design,  
 To spread thy glorious light :  
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,  
 That all the earth thy truth may know.
- u 2 Put forth thy glorious power !  
 The nations then will see,  
 And earth present her store  
 In converts born of thee :  
 God, our own God, his church will bless,  
 And earth shall yield her full increase.

HYMN 378. C. M. *Westmoreland.* [\*]

*Prayer for the Reign of Christ.*

- g 1 **J**ESUS, Immortal King, arise !  
 Rise and assert thy sway ;  
 Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,  
 And distant lands obey.
- u 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,  
 Till all thy foes submit,  
 And all the powers of hell resign  
 Their trophies at thy feet !
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,  
 This spacious earth around ;  
 Till every soul beneath the sun  
 Shall hear the joyful sound !
- 4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name  
 Through every clime be known !  
 And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,  
 And Jesus reign alone.
- s 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 May Jesus be adored !  
 And earth, with all her millions shout,  
 Hosannas to the Lord.

HYMN 379. P. M. *Haddam.* [\*]*Prayer for the Coming of the Kingdom of God.*

s 1 **R**ISE, Sun of Glory, rise!  
 And chase those shades of night  
 Which now obscure the skies,  
 And hide the sacred light:  
 Oh chase those dismal shades away,  
 And bring the bright millennial day.

—2 Send now thy Spirit down  
 On all the nations, Lord!  
 With great success to crown  
 The preaching of thy word:  
 That heathen lands may own thy sway,  
 And cast their idol-gods away.

—3 Then shall thy kingdom come  
 Among our fallen race,  
 And the whole earth become  
 The temple of thy grace;  
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend  
 And songs of praise, till time shall end.

PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 380. H. M. *Darwell's.* [\*]*Prayer for the Conversion of the World.*

g 1 **S**OVEREIGN of worlds above,  
 And Lord of all below,  
 Thy faithfulness and love,  
 Thy power and mercy show:  
 Fulfil thy word, | Let heathens live,  
 Thy Spirit give; | And praise the Lord.

— 2 Few be the years that roll,  
 Ere all shall worship thee;  
 The travail of his soul  
 Soon let the Saviour see:

s O God of grace! | Fill earth with joy,  
 Thy power employ; | And heaven with praise.

HYMN 381. L. M. *Luton.* [\*]*For the Influence of the Spirit on the Word.*

1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God!  
 In all the fulness of thy grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word :  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order, in thy path ;  
o Souls without strength, inspire with might,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath !
- 4 Baptize the nations ! far and nigh,  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 5 God from eternity hath willed—  
“ All flesh shall my salvation see : ”  
So be the Father's love fulfilled,  
The Saviour's sufferings crowned by thee !

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 382. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [\*]*To the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **S**PIRIT of power and might, behold  
A world by sin destroyed :  
Creator Spirit, as of old,  
Move on the formless void.
- g 2 Give thou the word : that healing sound  
Shall quell the deadly strife,  
And earth again, like Eden crowned,  
Bring forth the Tree of Life.
- s 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,  
When nature rose to view,  
What strains will angel-harps employ,  
When thou shalt all renew !

HYMN 383. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]

- 1 **W**HO, but thou, almighty Spirit,  
Can the heathen world reclaim ?  
Men may preach, but till thou favour,  
Pagans will be still the same.  
Mighty Spirit !  
Witness to the Saviour's name.
- 2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,  
Glorious light in latter days :  
Come and bless bewildered nations,  
Change our prayers and tears to praise.  
Promised Spirit !  
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours,  
Must be vain without thine aid ;  
But thou wilt not disappoint us—  
All is true that thou hast said :  
Faithful Spirit !  
O'er the world thine influence shed.

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HYMN 384. C. M. *Tolland.* [\*]

*For Millennial Days.*

- s 1 **S**END forth thy word, and let it fly,  
Armed with thy Spirit's power ;  
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,  
And bless the saving hour !
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace  
The barren waste shall rise :  
With sudden green and fruits arrayed—  
A blooming paradise.
- 3 Peace, with her olive crown, shall stretch  
Her wings from shore to shore ;  
The nations of the earth shall hear  
The sound of war no more.
- 4 Lord ! for those days we wait : those days  
Are in thy word foretold :  
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring  
This promised age of gold.
- o 5 Amen ! with joy divine, let earth's  
Unnumbered myriads cry !  
Amen ! with joy divine, let heaven's  
Unnumbered choirs reply.

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HYMN 385. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]

*Restoration and Glory of the Church.*

- g 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo ! the sacred herald stands ;  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands.  
Drooping captive !—  
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 God, thy God, will now restore thee :  
He himself appears thy friend :  
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
Great deliverance—  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed :  
 "For thy shame thou shalt have double,"  
 In thy Maker's favour blessed :  
 All thy conflicts—  
 End in one eternal rest.

KELLY.

HYMN 386. C. M. *Christmas*. [\*]*Restoration of Israel.*

s 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion! from the dust  
 Exalt thy fallen head,  
 Again in thy Redeemer trust;  
 He calls thee from the dead.

s 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
 Thy beautiful array:  
 The day of freedom dawns at length,  
 The Lord's appointed day.

—3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
 And send thy heralds forth:  
 Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,  
 And keep not back, O north."

s 4 They come, they come—thine exiled bands,  
 Where'er they rest or roam,  
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
 And hasten to their home.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 387. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth*. [\*]*Spread of the Gospel.*

1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking;  
 Joyful times are near at hand;  
 God—the mighty God is speaking  
 By his Word, in every land;  
 When he chooses,  
 Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,  
 While he enters like a flood,  
 God, the Saviour, is preparing  
 Means to spread his truth abroad:  
 Every language  
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
 Let thy people see thy hand:



Let the gospel be victorious,  
Through the world—in every land ;  
Then shall idols  
Perish, Lord—at thy command.

KELLY.

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HYMN 388. H. M. *Darwell's*. [\*]

s 1 **O** ZION, tune thy voice,  
And raise thy hands on high ;  
Tell all the earth thy joys,  
And boast salvation nigh.  
Cheerful in God,  
Arise and shine,  
While rays divine  
Stream all abroad.

—2 He gilds thy mourning face  
With beams that cannot fade ;  
His all-resplendent grace  
He pours around thy head.  
The nations round  
Thy form shall view,  
With lustre new  
Divinely crowned.

u 3 In honour to his name,  
Reflect that sacred light ;  
And loud that grace proclaim,  
Which makes thy darkness bright :  
Pursue his praise,  
Till sovereign love  
In worlds above  
The glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill  
A brighter sun shall rise,  
And with his radiance fill  
Those fairer, purer skies ;  
While round his throne,  
Ten thousand stars,  
In nobler spheres,  
His influence own.

DODDRIDGE.

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HYMN 389. 7 & 6. *Romaine*. [\*]

o 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed !  
Great David's greater Son ;  
Hail in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,

To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

—2 He comes, with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shade like Lebanon.

s 4 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest :  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand forever ;  
That name to us is—Love.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 390. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [\*]

*Jesus shall reign.*

g 1 **H**ARK ! the Song of Jubilee,  
Loud—as mighty thunders roar :  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore—  
2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,  
God Omnipotent, shall reign :  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.  
3 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes, above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies !  
4 See Jehovah's banners furled,  
Sheathed his sword ! He speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdom of his Son.

- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway :  
 g He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have passed away !  
 —6 Then the end—beneath his rod,  
 Man's last enemy shall fall :  
 s Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is All in All.

MONTGOMERY.

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HYMN 391. L. M. *Park Street.* [\*]

*The Redeemer reigns.*

- u 1 **S**ING, for the blest Redeemer reigns,  
 Through distant lands his triumphs spread ;  
 And sinners, freed from endless pains,  
 Own him their Saviour and their Head.  
 —2 His sons and daughters from afar,  
 Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;  
 Those who were dead in sin before,  
 By sovereign grace are made alive.  
 u 3 Oh may his conquests still increase,  
 And every foe his arm subdue ;  
 While angels celebrate his praise,  
 And saints his glowing glories shew.  
 s 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
 From all below and all above ;  
 In lofty songs exalt his name,  
 In songs as lasting as his love.

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HYMN 392. 7s. *Alcester.* [\*]

*Jesus reigns.*

- s 1 **W**AKE the song of jubilee,  
 Let it echo o'er the sea !  
 Now is come the promised hour ;  
 Jesus reigns with sovereign power !  
 2 All ye nations, join and sing,  
 Christ, of lords and kings, is King ;  
 Let it sound from shore to shore,  
 Jesus reigns for evermore.  
 3 Now the desert lands rejoice ;  
 And the islands join their voice ;  
 Yea, the whole creation sings,  
 Jesus is the King of kings.

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HYMN 393. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]

*Encouragement to Missionaries.*

- 1 **M**EN of God ! go take your stations !  
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth,

- o Go, proclaim among the nations  
 Joyful news of heavenly birth :  
     Bear the tidings—  
     Of the Saviour's matchless worth !
- 2 When exposed to fears and dangers,  
 Jesus will his own defend ;  
 Borne afar midst foes and strangers,  
 Jesus will appear your Friend ;  
     And his presence—  
 Shall be with you to the end.

KELLY.

HYMN 394. 7 & 6. *Romaine.* [\*]

- 1 **R**OLL on, thou mighty ocean !  
 And as thy billows flow,  
 Bear messengers of mercy  
     To every land below.  
 Arise, ye gales ! and waft them  
     Safe to the destined shore ;  
 That man may sit in darkness,  
     And death's black shade, no more.
- 2 O thou Eternal Ruler !  
 Who holdest in thine arm  
 The tempests of the ocean,  
     Protect them from all harm !  
 Thy presence e'er be with them,  
     Wherever they may be ;  
 Though far from us who love them,  
     Still let them be with thee.

HYMN 395. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [\*] -

- u 1 **G**O ! ye messengers of God,  
 Like the beams of morning, fly ;  
 Take the wonder-working rod,  
 Wave the Banner-Cross on high !
- 2 Where th' aspirant minaret  
 Gleams along the morning skies,  
 Wave it till the crescent set,  
 And the "Star of Jacob" rise.
- 3 Go ! to many a tropic isle,  
 In the bosom of the deep,  
 Where the skies for ever smile,  
 And th' oppressed forever weep !
- 4 O'er the negro's night of care  
 Pour the living light of heaven ;  
 Chase away the fiend despair,  
 Bid him hope to be forgiven !

s 5 When the golden gates of day  
Open on the palmy east,  
Wide the bleeding cross display,  
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

—6 Circumnavigate the ball,  
Visit every soil and sea :  
Preach the cross of Christ to all—  
Jesus' love is full and free.

J. MARSDEN.

HYMN 396. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]*Farewell to Missionaries.*

s 1 **G**O, ye heralds of salvation,  
Go, proclaim redeeming blood ;  
Publish to that barb'rous nation,  
Peace and pardon from our God ;  
Tell the heathen,  
None but Christ can do them good.

—2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,  
May the Spirit seal the word,  
And, through sovereign grace abounding,  
Heathen bow and own the Lord ;  
Idols leaving,  
God alone shall be adored.

—3 Distant though our souls are blending,  
Still our hearts are warm and true ;  
In our prayers to heaven ascending,  
Brethren—we'll remember you ;  
Heaven preserve you,  
Safely all your journey through.

4 When your mission here is finished,  
And your work on earth is done,  
May your souls, by grace replenished,  
Find acceptance through the Son ;  
Thence admitted,  
Dwell for ever near his throne.

u 5 Loud hosannas now resounding,  
— Make the heavenly arches ring :  
Grace to sinful men abounding,  
Ransomed millions sweetly sing ;  
While with rapture,  
All adore their heavenly King.

BALDWIN.

HYMN 397. 8, 7, & 4. *Smyrna.* [b]*Missionaries' Farewell.*

p 1 **Y**ES, my native land, I love thee ;  
All thy scenes I love them well.



Friends, connexions, happy country !

Can I bid you all farewell ?

Can I leave you,

Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

2 Home ! thy joys are passing lovely ;

Joys no stranger-heart can tell !

Happy home ! 'tis sure I love thee !

Can I—can I say—Farewell ?

Can I leave thee,

Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,

Holy days and Sabbath-bell,

4 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !

Can I say a last farewell ?

Can I leave you,

Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

5 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,

From the scenes I love so well !

Far away, ye billows, bear me ;

Lovely native land, farewell !

Pleased I leave thee,

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 In the deserts let me labour,

On the mountains let me tell,

How he died—the blessed Saviour—

To redeem a world from hell !

Let me hasten,

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

7 Bear me on, thou restless ocean

Let the winds my canvass swell—

Heaves my heart with warm emotion,

While I go far hence to dwell.

Glad I bid thee,

Native land !—Farewell—Farewell !

S. F. SMITH.

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HYMN 398. L. M. *Winchelsea*. [\*]

*Glory awaiting faithful Missionaries.*

8 1 **E**TERNAL Lord ! from land to land,  
Shall echo thine all-glorious name,  
Till kingdoms bow at thy command,  
And every lip thy praise proclaim.

2 Exalted high, on every shore,  
The banner of the cross, unfurled,  
Shall summon thousands to adore  
The Saviour of a ransomed world.

s 3 Thousands shall join thy pilgrim band  
And, by that sacred standard led,  
Press forward to Immanuel's land,  
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.

4 Triumphant over every foe,  
Their ransomed numbers shall move on,  
To that blest world where sin and woe  
Shall never mingle with their song.

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HYMN 399. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [b or \*]

*For Missionary Associations.*

g 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,  
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;  
The voice that marshalled every star,  
Has called thy people from afar.

—2 We meet through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
Along the line—to either pole—  
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway;  
Then give thy growing empire way,  
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—  
Till all mankind shall be subdued.

4 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—  
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—  
Our counsels aid—and oh! impart,  
The single eye—the faithful heart.

COLLYER.

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HYMN 400. L. M. *Duke Street.* [\*]

*Active Benevolence in Imitation of Christ.*

o 1 **W**HEN from the glorious realms of day,  
On wings of love, the Saviour flew,  
He walked through mercy's heavenly way,  
And bade the world his steps pursue.

p 2 The blind, the lame, his power confessed;  
The dumb broke forth in grateful strains;  
He gave the wearied spirit rest,  
And loosed the prisoner from his chains.

—3 And shall not they whose lips resound  
The matchless deeds the Saviour wrought,  
Like him in charity abound,  
And practise what his goodness taught?

—4 Ye who his grace so freely share,  
Your willing aid as freely give;  
Your lively faith and love declare,  
And in his sacred precepts live.

- u 5 Honour your Saviour, speak his praise ;  
 By acts of love his grace proclaim ;  
 Sweet anthems to his glory raise,  
 And in hosannas sound his name.

HYMN 401. L. P. M. *Palestine*. [b]

*Saturday Evening.*

- ae 1 SWEET is the last, the parting ray,  
 That ushers placid evening in ;  
 When with the still, expiring day,  
 The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin ;  
 How grateful to the anxious breast  
 The sacred hours of holy rest !
- 2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,  
 And worldly cares and business cease ;  
 While soft the vesper breezes play,  
 To hymn the glad return of peace :  
 Delightful season ! kindly given  
 To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.
- 3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,  
 Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,  
 And bear them to my heavenly home,  
 On faith and hope's celestial wings,—  
 Till the last gleam of life decay,  
 In one eternal Sabbath-day.

HYMN 402. P. M. *Haddam*. [\*]

*Lord's Day.*

- 3 1 CHILDREN of God, awake,  
 And hail this sacred day ;  
 In loftiest songs of praise  
 Your grateful homage pay ;  
 Come, bless the day that God hath blest,  
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
 The Lord of life arose ;  
 He burst the bars of death,  
 And vanquished all our foes ;  
 —And now he pleads our cause above,  
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
 Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
 — And earth with humbler strains  
 Thy praise responsive sings—  
 “ Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Through endless years to live and reign !

HYMN 403. L. M. *Blendon*. [\*]

*“There remaineth a Rest to the People of God.”*

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love,  
 s But there's a nobler rest above;  
 —Oh that we might that rest attain  
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.
- s 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be  
 From every mortal trouble free;  
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
 Resounding from immortal tongues.
- p 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
 No cares to break the long repose,  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- s 4 Oh long-expected day, begin!  
 Dawn on this world of wo and sin:  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in death, to rest in God. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 404. C. M. *Broomsgrove*. [\*]

*A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day,*

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,  
 To shed its quickening beams;  
 p And yet how slow devotion burns!  
 How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive;  
 —We would be like thy saints above,  
 o And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
 And fit us to ascend,  
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
 With heavenly lustre shine;  
 Before the throne of God appear,  
 And feast on love divine. BROWN.

HYMN 405. 7s. *Pilgrim*. [\*]

*Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting.*

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Spirit! may each heart  
 Through these sacred hours be thine;  
 May we from the world depart,  
 Breathing after things divine.

- o 2 Lead us forth with joy and peace  
To thy temple, in thy ways ;  
e And when this sweet day shall cease,  
g May its sun go down with praise !  
—3 May thy ministers declare  
All thy word of truth with power,  
Till the sinner bend in prayer,  
Conquered in that mighty hour.  
4 So may we, who worship here,  
Profit by thy word to-day ;  
And more love, and peace, and fear  
Carry from thy house away.
- 

HYMN 406. L. M. *Stonefield*. [\*]*For the Blessing of Father, Son, and Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God ! on all assembled here ;  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.  
2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !  
May we thy true disciples be :  
Speak to each heart the mighty word,  
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."  
3 Command thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of Truth ! and fill this place  
With humbling and exalting power,  
With quickening and confirming grace.  
4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
One true Eternal God confest ;  
May nought in life or death divide  
The saints in thy communion blest. MONTGOMERY.
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HYMN 407. C. M. *Stephens*. [\* or b]

- e 1 **W**E bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere ;  
But show us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper ?  
—2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee ?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree ?  
3 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,  
And bid the sleeper rise !  
And bid his guilty conscience dread  
The death that never dies.



e 4 Call forth the cry, "What must be done  
"To save a wretch like me?"

e "How shall a trembling sinner shun  
"That endless misery?"

WESLEY'S COL.

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HYMN 408. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]*After Sermon.*

1 **L**ORD! dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
u Triumph in redeeming grace!  
Oh refresh us—  
Travelling through this wilderness.  
s 2 Thanks we give and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound:  
Let the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:  
May thy presence—  
With us evermore be found.

RIPPON.

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HYMN 409. L. M. *Alfreton.* [\*]*Baptism.*

1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, descend from high;  
Baptizer of our spirits, thou!  
The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now.  
2 Pour forth thy energy divine,  
And sprinkle the atoning blood:  
May Father, Son, and Spirit join,  
To seal this child a child of God!

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HYMN 410. C. M. *Stephens.* [\*]*Baptism.*

1 **J**ESUS, we lift our souls to thee!  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;  
And let this little infant be  
Baptized into thy death.  
2 Oh let thine unction on it rest,  
Thy grace its soul renew;  
And write within its tender breast  
Thy name and nature too.  
3 If thou shouldst quickly end its days,  
Its place with thee prepare;  
And if thou lengthen out its race,  
Continue still thy care.

HYMN 411. L. M. *Costellow.* [\*]*The Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **H**ERE let us see thy face, O Lord,  
And view salvation with our eyes,  
And taste and feel the living Word,  
The Bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,  
Hast set his blood before our face,  
To teach the terrors of thy name,  
And show the wonders of thy grace.
- s 3 Jesus! our light! our morning star!  
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;  
The glory of thy people here,  
And joy of spirits near thy throne. PRATT'S COL.
- 

HYMN 412. 7 & 6. *Chaplin.* [b]*The Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **L**AMB of God! whose bleeding love  
We now recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find;  
Think on us, who think on thee,  
And every burdened soul release;  
Oh remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace!
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
And bloody sweat, we pray;  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away:  
Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
From all iniquity release;  
Oh remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace!
- 3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,  
Let sinners pardon feel:  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal;  
By thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;  
Oh remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace. WESLEY'S COL.
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HYMN 413. C. M. *Tolland.* [\*]*The Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **L**ORD! at thy table we behold  
The wonders of thy grace;

- But most of all admire that we  
Should find a welcome place—  
2 We, who were all defiled with sin,  
And rebels to our God!  
We, who have crucified thy Son,  
And trampled on his blood!  
3 What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That we, so lost, have room!  
Jesus our weary souls invites,  
And freely bids us come.  
u 4 Ye saints below, and hosts above!  
Join all your sacred powers;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.

STENNETT.

HYMN 414. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b]

- 1 **B**READ of heaven! on thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed:  
Ever let our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread!  
2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice:  
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,  
To thy cross we look and live.  
3 Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died:  
Lord of life! O let us be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 415. 9 & 8. *Bowery.* [\*]

- 1 **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken!  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead!  
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be thy feast to us the token,  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

BISHOP HEBER.

HYMN 416. C. M. *Archdale.* [\*]*Joining in Covenant with God.* Is. xlv, 5.

- o 1 **C**OME, let us join our souls to God,  
In everlasting bands;  
And seize the blessings he bestows,  
With eager hearts and hands.

- o 2 Come, let us to his temple haste,  
 And seek his favour there ;  
 Before his footstool humbly bow,  
 And pour our fervent prayer.
- 3 Come, let us seal, without delay,  
 The covenant of his grace ;  
 Nor shall the years of distant life  
 Its memory efface.
- 4 Thus may our rising offspring haste  
 To seek their fathers' God ;  
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path  
 Their fathers' feet have trod.

PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 417. C. M. *Stephens.* [\*]*Joining the Church of Christ.*

- gr 1 **W**ITNESS, ye men and angels, now,  
 Before the Lord we speak ;  
 To him we make our solemn vow,  
 A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,  
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
 Nor from his cause will we depart,  
 Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
 But on his grace rely,  
 That, with returning wants, the Lord  
 Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,  
 And keep us in thy ways ;  
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,  
 gr Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BEDDOME.

HYMN 418. L. M. *Costellow.* [\*]*Reception into Christian Fellowship.*

- 1 **C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord,  
 Enter in Jesus' precious name,  
 We welcome thee with one accord,  
 And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,  
 We'll seek in fellowship to prove,  
 Joined in one spirit to our Lord,  
 Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,  
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;  
 We'll share each other's hopes and fears,  
 And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,  
 Receive assurance of our love :  
 O may we all together meet  
 Around the throne of God above !

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HYMN 419. S. M. *Shirland*. [\* or b]

*Love to the Church.*

- o 1 **I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The house of thine abode,  
 The church our blest Redeemer saved,  
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 If e'er to bless thy sons,  
 My voice or hands deny,  
 These hands let useful skill forsake,  
 This voice in silence die.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget  
 Her welfare or her wo,  
 Let every joy this heart forsake,  
 And every grief o'erflow.
- 4 For her my tears shall fall ;  
 For her my prayers ascend ;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

DWIGHT.

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HYMN 420. L. M. *Munich*. [b]

*For a Sunday School Union Anniversary Meeting.*

- 1 **F**ROM year to year in love we meet,  
 From year to year in peace we part ;
- u The tongues of thousands uttering sweet  
 The bosom-joy of every heart.
- e 2 But time rolls on, and year by year,  
 We change, grow up, or pass away ;  
 Not twice the same assembly here  
 Have hailed the children's festal day.
- p 3 Death, ere another spring, shall strike  
 Some in our union, marked to fall ;  
 Be young and old prepared alike,  
 The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand ;  
 On thee for all things we rely ;  
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,  
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 5 Meanwhile our falling ranks renew ;  
 Send children, teachers, in our place,  
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,  
 More like thy Son, from race to race. MONTGOMERY.



HYMN 421. S. M. *Olmutz*. [\*]*For Sunday Schools.*

- 1 **W**ITHIN these walls be peace,  
Love through our borders found ;  
In all our little palaces  
Prosperity abound.
- p 2 God scorns not humble things ;  
Here, though the proud despise,
- g The children of the King of kings  
Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught,  
From glory be cast down,  
But all through faith and patience brought  
u To an immortal crown. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 422. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [\*]*For Sunday Schools.*

- g 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world of light,  
Above the starry sky ;  
Where saints departed, clothed in white,  
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark ! amid the sacred songs  
Those heavenly voices raise,  
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues  
Unite and perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,  
If Jesus we obey :  
That is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 This is the joy we ought to seek,  
And make our chief concern ;  
For this we come, from week to week,  
To read, and hear, and learn.
- p 5 Soon will our earthly race be run,  
Our mortal frame decay ;  
Children and teachers, one by one,  
Must droop, and pass away.
- e 6 Great God ! impress the serious thought,  
This day, on every breast ;  
That both the teachers and the taught  
May enter to thy rest. JANE TAYLOR.

HYMN 423. C. M. *Abridge*. [\*]*For Sunday Schools.*

- o 1 **C**OME, let our songs resound  
Within these peaceful walls ;

- The light of knowledge shines around,  
And e'en on us it falls.
- 2 Through God our Father's care,  
Though we deserved it not,  
Our lives in pleasant places are,  
And goodly is our lot.
- s 3 This cheerful morning sun,  
That lights our happy plains,  
Shines, ere its daily course is run,  
Where heathen darkness reigns.
- 4 He sees the savage wild  
Some idol's help implore ;  
He sees the untaught Indian child  
His painted gods adore.
- 5 Lord, let thy light, we pray,  
On them—on us arise :  
For we are foolish, blind as they,  
Till Jesus make us wise.
- 6 We learn thy blessed will,  
We read thy holy word,  
Then may we thy commands fulfill,  
Which others never heard. JANE TAYLOR.

HYMN 424. C. M. *Dundee*. [\*]*What is Prayer ?*

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire  
Uttered, or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast,
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;
- u While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays !" MONTGOMERY

HYMN 425. C. M. *Dedham*. [b or \*]*Retirement and Meditation.*

- p 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far;  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With prayer and praise agree;  
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
 And grace her mean abode,  
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
 She communes with her God!
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,  
 Sweet source of light divine,  
 And (all harmonious names in one)  
 My Saviour, thou art mine.
- s 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,  
 A boundless, endless store,  
 Shall echo through the realms above  
 When time shall be no more.

COWPER.

HYMN 426. L. M. *Nazareth*. [\* or b]

“Where two or three are met in my name, there am I.”  
 Matt. xviii, 20,

- 1 **H**OW sweet to leave the world awhile,  
 And seek the presence of our Lord!  
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
 And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
 That we may here converse with thee:  
 Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!  
 Let this the “gate of heaven” be.
- 3 “Chief of ten thousand,” now appear,  
 That we by faith may see thy face!  
 Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
 And let thy presence fill this place.

KELLY.

HYMN 427. 7s. *Mt. Calvary*. [\*]*The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.*

- 1 **I**F 'tis sweet to mingle where  
 Christians meet for social prayer;  
 If 'tis sweet with them to raise  
 Songs of holy joy and praise,—

—O how sweet that state must be  
 Where they meet eternally !  
 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
 Preparations for above ;  
 While we worship in this place,  
 May we go from grace to grace ;  
 Till we each, in his degree,  
 Fit for endless glory be.

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HYMN 428. L. M. *Wells*. [\*]

*On the Appointment of a Minister.*

1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name  
 Of Jesus, our Exalted Head ;  
 Come as a servant ; so he came ;  
 And we receive thee in his stead.  
 2 Come as a shepherd : guard and keep  
 This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;  
 Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
 The wounded heal, the lost bring in.  
 3 Come as an angel, hence to guide  
 A band of pilgrims on their way ;  
 That, safely walking at thy side,  
 We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.  
 4 Come as a teacher sent from God,  
 Charged his whole counsel to declare :  
 Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
 While we uphold thy hands with prayer.  
 s 5 Come as a messenger of peace,  
 Filled with the Spirit, fired with love :  
 Live to behold our large increase,  
 And die to meet us all above.

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HYMN 429. C. M. *St. Ann's*. [\*]

*Ministers watching for Souls.*

o 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
 And take th' alarm they give :  
 g Now let them from the mouth of God  
 Their awful charge receive.  
 —2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
 The pastor's care demands ;  
 But what might fill an angel's heart,  
 And filled a Saviour's hands.  
 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
 For souls, which must forever live  
 In happiness or wo.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach  
 Their own Redeemer see !  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 430. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn.* [b]

*For a Revival.*

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless thou return again.  
 s 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;  
 Shine upon us from on high,  
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
 p Every plant should droop and die.  
 —3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
 Let each one esteemed thy servant  
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
 And begin from this good hour  
 To revive thy work afresh. NEWTON.

HYMN 431. 7s. *Hotham.* [\*]

s 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,  
 Love divine, thyself impart ;  
 Every fainting soul inspire :  
 Shine in every drooping heart :  
 Every mournful sinner cheer,  
 Scatter all our guilty gloom :  
 Son of God, appear ! appear !  
 To thy human temples come.  
 2 Come in this accepted hour ;  
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in :  
 Fill us with thy glorious power,  
 Take away the love of sin :  
 Nothing more can we require,  
 We will covet nothing less ;  
 Be thou all our hearts desire,  
 All our joy, and all our peace. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 432. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b]

*Evening Hymn.*

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Ere repose our spirits seal :



- Sin and want we come confessing,  
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal,  
 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrow near us fly,  
 Angel-guards from thee surround us,  
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- e 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 —Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
 'Thou art he who, never weary,  
 Watchest where thy people be;  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn, in heaven awake us,  
 s Clad in light and deathless bloom.

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HYMN 433. L. P. M. *St. Helen's*. [\*]

*Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.*

- 1 **H**OW rich thy gifts, Almighty King!  
 From thee our public blessings spring;  
 The extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
 The treasures liberty bestows,  
 s The eternal joys the gospel shows,—  
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
 Which pours from every foreign shore;  
 Science and art their charms display;  
 Religion teaches us to raise  
 s Our voices to our Maker's praise,  
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- u 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,  
 To God we raise united songs;  
 Here still may God in mercy reign;  
 Crown our just counsels with success,  
 With peace and joy our borders bless,  
 And all our sacred rights maintain.

KIPPIS.

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HYMN 434. 7s. *Benevento*. [b or \*]

*New-year's Day.*

- p 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here:  
 Fixed in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below;  
 We a little longer wait—  
 But how little, none can know.

o 2 As the winged arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Lord, our expectations raise—  
All below is but a dream.

g 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Former kindnesses renew :  
From this moment may we live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless the word to young and old :  
Shed abroad a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

NEWTON.

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HYMN 435. P. M. *Amesbury.* [\* or b]

o 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still, till the Master appear.  
2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.  
—3 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away ;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
4 The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.  
s 5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,  
“ I have fought my way through ;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.”  
6 O that each, from his Lord, may receive the glad  
word,  
“ Well and faithfully done ;  
“ Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

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HYMN 436. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]*Reflections on the State of our Fathers.*

e 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,  
Which bears us to the sea !  
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity !

- 2 Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they called their own?  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honour gone.
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds  
Beyond our mortal thought,  
While the poor remnant of their dust  
Lies in the grave forgot.
- e 4 There, where the fathers lie  
Must all the children dwell;  
No other heritage possess,  
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear,  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
s Till with them, in the land of light,  
We dwell before thy face. ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 437. L. M. *Dresden*. [b or \*]*The Knell.*

- p 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each from every trifle fly,  
And ask, "Am I prepared to die?"
- e 2 Soon, leaving all I love below,  
To God's tribunal I must go;  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 3 O could I bear to hear him say,  
"Depart, accursed, far away;  
"With Satan, midst the flames of hell,  
"Thou art forever doomed to dwell!"
- 4 Saviour! O help me now to see  
And place my hope alone in thee;  
Thy cleansing blood, thy spirit give,  
Subdue my sins, and bid me live!
- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;  
Nor would the thought alarming be,  
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

- s 6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,  
And wish and long to hear thy voice ;  
Glad, when it bids me earth resign,  
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine !      NEWTON.
- 

HYMN 438. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]*A Thought of Eternity.*

- p 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O, how shall I appear ?  
—2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought ;  
g 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O, how shall I appear ?      ADDISON.
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HYMN 439. S. M. *Olmutz.* [\*]

- o 1 **W**AKED by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise,  
And see the Judge with glory crowned,  
And see the flaming skies.  
p 2 Who can resolve the doubt,  
That tears my anxious breast ?  
Shall I be with the lost cast out,  
Or numbered with the blest ?  
— 3 O thou that wouldst not have  
One wretched sinner die ;  
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save  
From endless misery ;—  
4 Show me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe !  
That when thou comest on thy throne,  
I may with joy appear.      WESLEY'S COL.
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HYMN 440. C. M. *Dundee.* [\*]*Heaven.*

- g 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes  
 But half its charms explore,  
 How would our spirits long to rise,  
 And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
 Realms ever bright and fair !  
 For sin, the source of mortal wo,  
 Can never enter there.
- s 4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire  
 Our hearts with ardent love,  
 Till wings of faith and strong desire  
 Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord ! by grace divine,  
 For thy bright courts on high ;  
 Then bid our spirits rise and join  
 The chorus of the sky.

STEELE.

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HYMN 441. *'Lanesboro'.* [b or \*]  
*The Heavenly Rest.*

- p 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
 To mourning wanderers given ;  
 There is a joy for souls distrest,  
 A balm for every wounded breast,  
 'Tis found above—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
 By sin and sorrow driven ;  
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
 And all is drear but heaven.
- s 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
 To brighter prospects given ;  
 And views the tempest passing by,  
 The evening shadows quickly fly,  
 p And all serene in heaven.
- s 4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,  
 And joys supreme are given ;  
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom :—  
 Beyond the confines of the tomb  
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

UNION COL.

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HYMN 442. C. M. *Tolland.* [\*]  
*The Heavenly Jerusalem.* Rev. xxi, 22.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home !  
 Name ever dear to me !  
 When shall my labours have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?



2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold ?

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?

3 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end ?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom;  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo ?  
Or feel at death dismay ?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there;  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below;  
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 443. 8s. *Goshen.* [\*]

*Earnest Desire of Heaven.*

u 1 **I** LONG to behold him arrayed  
With glory and light from above,—  
The King in his beauty displayed,  
His beauty of holiest love :

p I languish and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus has fixed his abode :  
O when shall we meet in the air  
s And fly to the mountain of God.

—2 With him I on Zion shall stand,  
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)  
The breadth of Immanuel's land  
Survey by the light of my Lord ;  
But when on thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
My fulness of rapture I find,  
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell  
Secure in the city above !

No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.  
 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give;  
 And then from the body set free,  
 And then to the city receive.

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 444. C. M. *Dundee*. [\*]

- e 1 **W**HEN bending o'er the brink of life  
 My trembling soul shall stand,  
 Waiting to pass death's awful flood,  
 Great God, at thy command;
- p 2 When every long-loved scene of life  
 Stands ready to depart;  
 When the last sigh that shakes the frame  
 Shall rend this bursting heart;
- 3 O thou great source of joy supreme,  
 Whose arm alone can save,  
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
 The entrance to the grave!
- 4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand  
 Beneath my sinking head;
- s And with a ray of love divine,  
 Illume my dying bed!
- p 5 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,  
 May I resign my breath!  
 And in thy fond embraces lose  
 "The bitterness of death."

COLLYER.

HYMN 445. 8, 7, & 4. *Greenville*. [b or \*]

- p 1 **W**HEN the vale of death appears,  
 (Faint and cold this mortal clay,)  
 Kind forerunner, soothe my fears,  
 Light me through the darksome way:  
 Break the shadows,  
 g Usher in eternal day.
- s 2 Starting from this dying state,  
 Upward bid my soul aspire;  
 Open thou the crystal gate,  
 To thy praise attune my lyre:  
 Dwell for ever,  
 Dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,  
 Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,

Often bless thy guardian care,  
 Fire by night and cloud by day,  
 While my triumphs  
 At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown,  
 Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,  
 From the central burning throne,  
 'Mid creation's final flame,  
 With the ransomed,  
 Judge and Saviour, own my name!

MRS. GILBERT.

HYMN 446. L. M. *Dresden*. [b]

*The Living and the Dead.*

e 1 **W**HERE are the dead? In heaven or hell  
 Their disembodied spirits dwell;  
 Their buried forms in bonds of clay,  
 Reserved until the judgment-day.

—2 Who were the dead? The sons of time,  
 In every age, and state, and clime;  
 Renowned, dishonoured, or forgot,  
 The place that knew them knows them not.

3 Where are the living? On the ground,  
 Where prayer is heard, and mercy found;  
 Where in the period of a span,  
 The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 Who are the living? They whose breath  
 Draws every moment nigh to death;  
 Of bliss or woe the eternal heirs;  
 O what an awful choice is theirs!

5 Then, timely warned, may we begin,  
 To follow Christ, and flee from sin,  
 Daily grow up in him our Head,  
 Lord of the living and the dead.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 447. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b or \*]

*The Dead who die in the Lord.*

p 1 **I**N vain our fancy strives to paint  
 The moment after death,  
 The glories that surround the saint,  
 When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;  
 We scarce can say, "He's gone,"  
 Before the willing spirit takes  
 Her mansion 'near the throne.

- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
 To trace her heavenward flight;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil,  
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
 They are supremely blest;  
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,  
 And with their Saviour rest.
- s 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,  
 His presence always view;—  
 And if we here their footsteps trace,  
 There we shall praise him too.

NEWTON,

HYMN 448. 7s. *Sabbath.* [b or \*]*The dying Christian to his Soul.*

- a 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
 p Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life!
- e 2 Hark, they whisper—angels say,  
 o “Sister spirit, come away!”  
 p What is this absorbs me quite,  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death?
- a 3 The world recedes!—it disappears!  
 o Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears  
 u With sounds seraphic ring!  
 s Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

POPE,

HYMN 449. 8 & 7. *Greenville.* [\*]*The departing Saint.*

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below;  
 Go, by angel-guards attended,  
 To the sight of Jesus go!
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,  
 Shows the glory of his merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain ;

Die, to live the life of glory—  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 450. L. M. *Munich*. [b]*The Death of the Righteous.*

p 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when they die,  
When holy souls retire to rest !

How mildly beams the closing eye !

How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away :

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :

So gently shuts the eye of day :

So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !

s How bright th' unchanging morn appears !

p Farewell, inconstant world, farewell ! BARBAULD./

HYMN 451. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b]*Happy Death of a Christian.*

p 1 **D**EAR as thou wert, and justly dear,  
We would not weep for thee ;

One thought shall check the starting tear,—

It is—that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power

The tears of love restrain ;

Oh ! who that saw thy parting hour

Could wish thee here again !

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,

Sustained by grace divine :

Oh may such grace on us be shed,

And make our end like thine.

DALE.

HYMN 452. 8 & 7. *Greenville*. [b or \*]*Happiness of departed Saints the Consolation of Survivors.*

1 **T**HINK, O ye who fondly languish  
O'er the grave of those you love :

While your bosoms swell with anguish,

They are warbling hymns above.



- p 2 While our silent steps are straying,  
 Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
 u Glory's brightest beams are playing  
 Round the happy Christian's head.
- s 3 Light and peace at once deriving  
 From the hand of God most high,  
 In his glorious presence living,  
 They shall never—never die!
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,  
 Sickness, there, no more can come;  
 There, no fear of wo, intruding,  
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

COLLYER ALTERED.

HYMN 453. 7s. *Hotham*. [\*]

- 1 **L**O! the prisoner is released,  
 Lightened of his fleshly load;  
 Where the weary are at rest,  
 He is gathered unto God!  
 Lo! the pain of life is past,  
 All his warfare now is o'er;  
 Death and hell behind are cast,  
 Grief and suffering are no more.
- g 2 Yes, the Christian's course is run,  
 Ended is the glorious strife;  
 u Fought the fight, the work is done,  
 Death is swallowed up of life!
- s Borne by angels on their wings,  
 Far from earth the spirit flies,  
 Finds his God, and sits and sings,  
 Triumphant in Paradise.
- 3 Let the world bewail their dead,  
 Fondly of their loss complain;  
 Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,  
 Death to thee, to us, is gain:
- s Thou art entered into joy:  
 Let the unbelievers mourn;  
 We in songs our lives employ,  
 Till we all to God return.

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 454. 8s. *Goshen*. [b or \*]*Death of a Sister.*

- e 1 **T**IS finished! the conflict is past,  
 The heaven-born spirit is fled;  
 Her wish is accomplished at last,  
 And now she's entombed with the dead.

The months of affliction are o'er,  
The days and the nights of distress ;  
We see her in anguish no more—  
She has found a happy release.

—2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,  
Shall ever disquiet her now ;  
For death to her spirit was gain,  
Since Christ was her life when below.

s Her soul has now taken its flight  
To mansions of glory above,  
To mingle with angels of light,  
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtained ;  
She's gone her Redeemer to see ;  
Her wishes she fully has gained—  
She's now where she panted to be.  
Then let us forbear to complain  
That she has now gone from our sight ;  
We soon shall behold her again,  
With new and redoubled delight.

ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 455. L. M. *Bowen.* [b or \*]

*Sleeping in Jesus.*

1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
From which none ever wakes to weep !

A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes !

p 2 Asleep in Jesus ! oh ! how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet :

g With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting !

p 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !  
Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
No fear—no wo, shall dim that hour,  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

— 4 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be :  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space  
Debars this precious " hiding place :"  
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,  
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
 But there is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

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HYMN 456. S. M. *Olmütz.* [\*]

*On the Death of an aged Minister.*

- p 1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done !  
 Rest from thy loved employ ;  
 s The battle fought, the victory won,  
 Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came,  
 He started up to hear ;  
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
 He fell,—but felt no fear.
- p 3 The pains of death are past,  
 Labour and sorrow cease ;  
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
 His soul is found in peace.
- s 4 Soldier of Christ, well done !  
 Praise be thy new employ,  
 And while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy. MONTGOMERY.
- 

HYMN 457. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

*Funeral.*

- p 1 **B**ENEATH our feet and o'er our head  
 Is equal warning given :  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,  
 Their bones are in the clay :  
 And ere another day is gone,  
 Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,  
 And lurks in every flower :  
 Each season has its own disease,  
 Its peril every hour !
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
 And fate descend in sudden night  
 On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
 Halt feebly to the tomb ;

And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come ?

6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know :  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead !

—7 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given :  
The forms which underneath thee lie,  
Shall live, for hell or heaven ! PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 458. L. M. *Monmouth*. [b or \*]

*The Day of Judgment.*

g 1 **T**HE day of wrath ! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away !  
—What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?

a 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,

p Though heaven and earth shall pass away. SCOTT.

HYMN 459. S. M. *Olmütz*. [\*]

*Christ's Second Coming.*

o 1 **H**E comes ! the Conqueror comes !  
Death falls beneath his sword ;  
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.

o 2 The trumpet sounds, " Awake !  
" Ye dead, to judgment come !"  
The pillars of creation shake,  
While man receives his doom.

s 3 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace :  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

HYMN 460. S. M. *Watchman*. [b or \*]

e 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,



With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear ;

2 Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day ;  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.

3 O may we all be found  
Obedient to thy word ;  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord !

4 O may we all ensure  
A lot among the blest ;  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 461. 8s. *Goshen.* [\*]

g 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near :  
His lightnings flash ; his thunders roll ;  
How welcome to the faithful soul !

u 2 From heaven angelic voices sound ;  
See the Almighty Jesus crowned !  
Girt with omnipotence and grace ;  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own :  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

s 4 Shout, all the people of the sky !  
And all the saints of the Most High :  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
Forever and forever reigns.

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 462. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [\*]

g 1 **L**O ! he comes ! with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain ;  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah !—  
Jesus comes,—he comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,



Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing—  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
 Come to judgment!  
 Come to judgment! come away!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne!  
 Saviour! take the power and glory;  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

s Oh come quickly—  
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

OLIVER.

HYMN 463. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b]

*Prospect of the Resurrection unto Life.*

e 1 **T**HROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
 Amid the deepening gloom,  
 We, soldiers of an injured King,  
 Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,  
 And all our powers decay,  
 p Our cold remains in solitude  
 Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid  
 In this our last retreat,  
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,  
 The storms of life shall beat.

—4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
 The vital spark shall lie;  
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
 To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,  
 Our Father's care shall keep,  
 o Till the last angel rise and break  
 The long and dreary sleep.

p 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
 Shall shed its mildest rays,  
 And the long silent dust shall burst  
 u With shouts of endless praise.

H. K. WHITE.

HYMN 464. C. M. *Archdale*. [\*]*The Resurrection of the Christian.*

- s 1 **M**Y faith shall triumph o'er the grave,  
 And trample on the tombs :  
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
 My God, my Saviour comes ;  
 Ere long I know he shall appear,  
 In power and glory great ;  
 And death, the last of all his foes,  
 Lie vanquished at his feet.
- e 2 Then though the worms my flesh devour,  
 And make my form their prey,  
 I know I shall arise with power,  
 On the last judgment day :  
 When God shall stand upon the earth,  
 Him there mine eyes shall see ;  
 My flesh shall feel a second birth,  
 And ever with him be.
- p 3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears  
 From every weeping eye ;  
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
 Shall cease eternally.
- o How long, dear Saviour ! O, how long  
 Shall this bright hour delay !
- s O, hasten thy appearance, Lord,  
 And bring the welcome day.

WATTS.

HYMN 465. C. M. *St. Ann's*. [\* or b]

- e 1 **J**ESUS, to thy dear wounds we flee,  
 We seek thy bleeding side ;  
 —Assured that all who trust in thee  
 Shall evermore abide.
- u 2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,  
 The latest lightning glare ;
- e The mountains melt ; the solid ground  
 e Dissolve as liquid air ;
- o 3 The huge celestial bodies roll,  
 Amidst that general fire,  
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,  
 And all in smoke expire !
- 4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,  
 When nature is destroyed,  
 And no created thing remains  
 Throughout the flaming void.

- g 5 Sublime upon his azure throne,  
 He speaks,—th' Almighty Word :  
 His fiat is obeyed ! 'tis done ;  
 And paradise restored.
- 6 So be it ! let this system end,  
 This ruined earth and skies ;
- s The New Jerusalem descend,  
 The New Creation rise.
- 7 Thy power omnipotent assume ;  
 Thy brightest majesty !  
 And when thou dost in glory come,  
 My Lord, remember me.

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 466. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [\*]

- g 1 **S**TAND th' omnipotent decree ;  
 Jehovah's will be done !  
 Nature's end we wait to see,  
 And hear her final groan :  
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
 In death the wicked and the just :  
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,  
 And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man,  
 At his Redeemer's beck,  
 Sure to emerge, and rise again,  
 s And mount above the wreck :  
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,  
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre ;  
 Triumphs in immortal powers,  
 And claps his wings of fire !
- o 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,  
 By worlds on worlds destroyed ;  
 Far beneath his feet he views,  
 With smiles, the flaming void ;  
 Sees this universe renewed ;  
 The grand millennial reign begun,  
 Shouts with all the sons of God,  
 Around th' eternal throne !
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,  
 To be at last restored,  
 Yield we now our bodies up,  
 To earthquake, plague, or sword ;  
 Listening for the call divine,  
 The last trumpet of the seven :  
 Soon our souls and dust shall join,  
 And both fly up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 467. P. M. *Luther's Hymn.* [\*]

**G**REAT God! what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated!  
 Beneath his cross I view the day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet him. LUTHER.

HYMN 468. 7s. *Lincoln.* [\*]

1 **H**ARK! that shout of rapturous joy,  
 Bursting forth from yonder cloud!  
 Jesus comes!—and through the sky,  
 Angels tell their joy aloud.  
 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice  
 Sounds abroad, through sea and land:  
 Let his people now rejoice!  
 Their redemption is at hand.  
 3 See! the Lord appears in view:  
 Heaven and earth before him fly!  
 Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—  
 Rise to meet him in the sky.  
 4 Go, and dwell with him above,  
 Where no foe can e'er molest:  
 Happy in the Saviour's love!  
 Ever blessing, ever blest. KELLY.

HYMN 469. C. M. *Marlow.* [\*]

*Praise to God.*

1 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,  
 Whose breath our souls inspired:  
 Loud and more loud the anthems raise,  
 With grateful ardor fired!  
 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 Whose goodness, passing thought,  
 Loads every moment, as it flies,  
 With benefits unsought!  
 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 From whom salvation flows,  
 Who sent his Son our souls to save  
 From everlasting woes.  
 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 For hope's transporting ray,  
 Which lights through darkest shades of death,  
 To realms of endless day. REED'S COL.

HYMN 470. 7s. *Sudbury.* [\*]*Glory to God in the Highest.*

- s 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- p 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious morning come ?
- s No ! the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ. PRATT'S COL.
- 

HYMN 471. 8s. *Drummond.* [\*]*Our God for ever and ever.*

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable FRIEND ;  
Whose love is as large as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the FIRST and the LAST,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.
- 

HYMN 472. C. M. *Amherst.* [\*]

- 1 **O**FOR a thousand seraph tongues  
To bless th' incarnate Word !  
O for a thousand thankful songs  
In honour of my Lord !



- 2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,  
 Ye angels round the throne ;  
 Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,  
 Adore the eternal Son.

HYMN 473. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [\*]

- 1 **Y**ES—I will bless thee, O my God !  
 Through all my mortal days,  
 And to eternity prolong  
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.  
 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
 The honours of my God !  
 My life, with all its active powers,  
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.  
 3 Not death itself shall stop my song,  
 Though death will close my eyes :  
 My thoughts shall then to nobler heights  
 And sweeter raptures rise.  
 4 There shall my lips in endless praise  
 Their grateful tribute pay :  
 The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
 And an eternal day. HEGINBOTHAM.

HYMN 474. 7s & 6s. *Amsterdam.* [\*]

*Universal Praise.*

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
 And keeps his courts below :  
 Praise him for his boundless love,  
 And all his greatness show.  
 2 Praise him for his noble deeds,  
 Praise him for his matchless power :  
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let earth and heaven adore.  
 3 Publish, spread to all around  
 The great Immanuel's name ;  
 Let the gospel-trumpet sound,  
 Him, Prince of Peace proclaim.  
 4 Praise him, every tuneful string :  
 All the reach of heavenly art,  
 All the power of music bring,  
 The music of the heart.  
 5 Him, in whom they move and live,  
 Let every creature sing ;  
 Glory to our Saviour give,  
 And homage to our king.

6 Hallowed be his name beneath,  
 As in heaven on earth adored ;  
 Praise the Lord in every breath,  
 Let all things praise the Lord. PRATT'S COL.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES.

### I.

1 ON Judah's plain, the minstrel lyre  
 Is hushed, for mirth has winged her flight ;  
 In Zion's courts the holy fire  
 Is quenched, and sorrow veils the night ;—  
 No lamp illumines yon vaulted way,  
 Save one pale orb that burns alone.

2 'Tis Bethlehem's star ; the holy gem  
 That hailed the Godhead from the skies ;  
 'Tis Bethlehem's star ! the diadem  
 That tells the conqueror shall rise :  
 He rises—and the golden choir  
 Of angel minstrels wakes the song.  
 GOULD'S CHURCH HARMONY.

### II.

Select Hymn, p. 657.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices, &c.  
 ANCIENT LYRE.

### III.

WITH darkness whelmed, in error lost,  
 On sin's tempestuous ocean tossed,  
 While hope withdrew her cheering ray,  
 Despairing nature sunk away :—  
 When lo ! to raise a drooping earth,  
 Behold, behold, a wondrous birth :  
 To calm the mind and dry your tears  
 The holy babe of life appears.  
 The voice of joy let nature raise,  
 And pour the grateful song of praise,—  
 Hail with a loud acclaim the morn,  
 The Saviour of the earth is born.

GOULD'S CH. HARM.

## IV.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing,  
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.  
 Zion, the marvellous story be telling,  
 The Son of the Highest how lowly his birth;  
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

ANCIENT LYRE.

## V.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!  
 Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,  
 Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,  
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far;  
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued  
 them,

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,  
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:  
 Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;  
 The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

HANDEL AND HAYDN AND ANC. LYRE.

## VI.

Select Hymn, p. 729.

HARK, the song of jubilee, &c.

ANC. LYRE.

## VII.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,  
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides;  
 On darkling man in full effulgence shine,  
 And cheer his clouded mind with light divine.  
 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,  
 With silent confidence and holy rest:  
 From thee, Great God, we spring, to thee we bend;  
 Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

GOULD'S CH. HARM.

## VIII.

HAIL, hail, sweet cherub, charity,  
Hail, hail, sweet cherub, charity,  
Thou first of virtues, hail :  
'Tis thou canst blend in misery's cup,  
The soft, the balmy cordial, hope,  
When other comforts fail.  
Great God of love and light and day,  
We humbly here our offerings lay,  
Before the footstool of thy throne :  
All that we have, O Lord, is thine,  
And should we all to thee resign,  
We only render back thine own.  
To soothe and mitigate distress,  
O make us ever free ;  
And may our hearts in lowliness,  
The glory give to thee.

IBID.

## IX.

- 1 TIME is winging us away  
To our eternal home ;  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb.
- 2 Youth and vigour soon will flee,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;  
All that's mortal soon shall be  
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 3 But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty soon, above,  
Far beyond the world's alloy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.

ANC. LYRE.

## X.

- 1 THE hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 2 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

ANC. LYRE.

## XI.

THE Lord is in his holy temple ; let the earth keep silence before him.

HANDEL AND HAYDN COL.

## XII.

SALVATION belongeth unto the Lord, and thy blessing is among thy people. IBID.

## XIII.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen.

IBID.

## XIV.

PRAISE ye the Lord, glorify him for ever. Sons of Zion, come before him ; bring the cymbal, bring the harp. High in glory, lo ! he's seated ; see the King, he sits in state. Sons of Zion, come before him ; sound the lute and strike the harp. IBID.

## XV.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth ; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord Most High. IBID.

## XVI.

ONE thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require ; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple. IBID.

## XVII.

O SING unto the Lord a new song ; let the congregation of the saints praise him. IBID.

## XVIII.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever. IBID.



## XIX.

LORD of all power and might, thou art the giver of all good things. Graft in our hearts the love of thy name. Increase in us true religion. Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. IBID.

## XX.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. IBID.

## XXI.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people—Glory ye in his holy name. O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth. CH. HAR.

## XXII.

OUR help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth, for evermore ; and let all the people say, Amen. IBID.

## XXIII.

BEHOLD, God is my salvation ; I will trust in him : for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song ; he also is my salvation. Praise the Lord and call upon his name : for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song ; he also is my salvation. Praise the Lord, and call upon his name ; sing unto the Lord ; for he hath done excellent things : this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion ; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee. Behold, God is my salvation ; I will trust in him : for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song ; he also is my salvation. IBID.

## XXIV.

THE Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel. The Lord hath put on glorious apparel, and girded himself with strength. He hath made the round

world so sure that it cannot be moved. Thy testimonies, O Lord, are sure, very sure; holiness becometh thine house for ever and ever. Amen. IBID.

### XXV.

WITH angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven; we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord, Most High. Amen. IBID.

### XXVI.

WE praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting. To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full of thy great glory. HANDEL AND HAYDN COL.

### XXVII.

THE Lord will comfort Zion; he will comfort her waste places, and make her like Eden, the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. IBID.

### XXVIII.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all nations. And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our Lord. CHOIR.

## XXIX.

I HEARD a voice from heaven saying unto me,  
Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from  
henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest  
from their labors, and their works do follow them.

CH. HARM.

## XXX.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of  
God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us  
all for evermore.

HANDEL AND HAYDN COL.

## ASCRPTIONS.

7s.

GLORY to the Father's name ;  
Jesus' excellence proclaim ;  
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise ;  
Angels, swell the notes we raise !

7s.

SING we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love ;  
Praise him all ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done :  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

8, 7, & 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,  
Glory to th' eternal Son ;  
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises ;  
Join the elders round the throne ;  
Hallelujah,  
Hail the glorious Three in One.

## C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
And in the church below ;  
From whom all creatures draw their breath,  
By whom redemption blessed the earth,  
From whom all comforts flow.

## 8 &amp; 7.

GLORY, honour, praise and power  
To the Lamb be ever paid :  
Let new blessings every hour  
Rest on his adored head.

## 5 &amp; 6.

BY angels in heaven  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be addressed  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever blessed :  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be.

## L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 8 &amp; 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above !  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other in the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.







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